

# THE Canadian FORUM

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## Mr. Smallwood and the I.W.A.

*Gordon Goundrey*

► THE ACRIMONY that has developed over the recent strike of woods workers has focused the attention of Canada on Newfoundland in a way that far surpasses the interest in previous important developments in that province. Little interest was aroused by the Royal Commission on the revision of financial terms with Canada, and even Mr. Smallwood's personal victory during the last Federal election, when he saved all the Liberal seats in spite of the Conservative sweep, occasioned little comment. But an action by the Newfoundland Government concerning a strike by Newfoundland labor has suddenly made Newfoundland, and Mr. Smallwood, headline news.

To put the present dispute in its proper perspective, a few of the underlying features should be noted. The following comments must be borne in mind when the actions of the Newfoundland Government are being assessed.

First, the company concerned, the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Co., is not making abnormal profits from its newsprint operations, in fact, rather the reverse. Between a quarter and a half of the profits of the company flow from its ownership of a half interest in Buchans Mining Co., a rich base metal mine in the interior of Newfoundland. Anyone who studies stock market quotations will have been struck by the company's shares increasing in value by nearly 20% during the strike! This reflects the improvement in copper prices—the price of copper being sufficient to more than counteract the effects of the strike!

Second, woods wages in Newfoundland are not low. Newfoundland is a peculiar province in that hourly wage earners are divided into two classes. Those who are unionized (in mining, logging, newsprint manufacturing, transportation, etc.) obtain wages commensurate with those in other parts of Canada, and frequently above those ruling in similar establishments and occupations in the other Atlantic provinces. This is generally true of the organized groups, even though per capita incomes are distressingly low. (In the eight years following confederation with Canada, the per capita income in the Maritimes exceeded that in Newfoundland on the average by 32%, about the present differential). Compared to the average income in the province, woods labor is well paid, and receives attractive wages compared to woods labor in eastern Canada. It is true that in some parts of Canada in which the I.W.A. is established, wage rates are higher, but Newfoundland bush workers do very well compared to most other Newfoundlanders, and no worse than most other woods workers in Eastern Canada.

Third, working conditions in the Newfoundland woods are hard. Woods work is always harsh and tiring, but in Newfoundland it is generally more so. Topography, climate and isolation are major factors—and make the harshness difficult to overcome. Basic food prices are an important

reason why conditions are also expensive to improve. Working conditions can be made more tolerable with an excellent table, but on the average food prices (weighted by quantities consumed in the logging camps) exceed Maritime prices by approximately 20%. Attempts to add more variety and fresh foods to menus would increase costs more than proportionately. Weather conditions are bad, and additional hardships and uncertainties result from unpredictable changes. Weather affects cutting, hauling and driving in particular. It is significant that working conditions have been improved to an amazing degree in the post-war period.

Fourth, woods workers in Newfoundland were organized as early as 1936 and contracts were negotiated with the two operating companies in that year. After a shaking down period of four years, the original union broke into three independent organizations, and with the Fisherman's Protective Union (to which Mr. Smallwood is no stranger), represented the loggers in contract negotiations until the entry of the I.W.A. Prior to the entry of the I.W.A., a Woods Labour Board, organized in 1941, met to negotiate agreements. The Board consisted of representatives of the four unions, the two companies and two Government Departments, under an appointed chairman. The Board undertook industry-wide bargaining, but in addition was a conciliation agency. The chairman of the Board also had short term compulsory arbitration powers, his ruling being binding on all parties until the board could meet to resolve disputes.

There was, under the Board, a period of seventeen strife free years. It should be noted that the importance of the forest industry to the economy was partly responsible for the development of this Board. In 1951, the Newfoundland Royal Commission on Forestry estimated that nearly a third of the income of the people of Newfoundland came from forest industries. But the importance of the industry is even greater than this figure suggests. Unlike other areas in Canada, woods work and other occupations have tended to be complementary in Newfoundland. The only way in which fishermen could eke out an existence was through woods work in the off-season from fishing.

Fifth, Newfoundland is not rich in resources. Faced with a heavy dependence on fishing for low value ground fish,

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## Current Comment

### Cyprus

In a world where we talk of "pre-emptive wars", and of the beginning of "the count-down", it is encouraging to look at one place, although small, where compromise seems at the moment to have been successful and reason to have prevailed. It would be idle to suppose that all difficulties are at an end. But, at least, unlike the French involvement in Algiers, we can with any luck see the end in Cyprus of terrorism and of police counter-action, of curfews and mass arrests. Roughly the policy of the Governor, Sir Hugh Foot—journalist Mike Foot's brother—has prevailed against the over-confident strong-arm policy of the generals, who will now turn their gifts to Kenya and Nyasaland. The Colonial Office has seen the light and H. M. Principal Secretary of State who said "Never", Mr. Hopkinson, has had his "Never" cancelled within four years and himself is deposited in the Mausoleum Club of the House of Lords. And London has seen the sight of a harried police officer sitting as bodyguard, as the Ethnarch of Cyprus, who alone is by writ of the Byzantine Emperors entitled to sign his name in violet ink, drove from London Airport with a very natural smile of satisfaction on his lips. Perhaps some day Archbishop Makarios will take his place along with Mr. Nehru as a leading champion of that Commonwealth which, Lord Altrincham to the contrary, is possibly not entirely a relic or a hypocrisy.

Before, however, we write "finished" on the docket of this affair and turn on to do justice in Malta, we have to recognize that much resolution and firm common sense will be required in working out the new proposed constitution. The old British proposal offered too little too late. The present one will yet require no small measure of political wisdom and forebearance. The dominant four to one preponderance of the "cultural" Greeks in the island, which I emphasized in my book *What Does the West Want?*, is democratically recognized in giving the Presidency of the new Republic to the Greek Cypriots. The frustration of a probable majority will in favor of *enosis*, although still voiced by Bishop Kyprianos, of Kitium, and possibly still to be supported by the redoubtable Colonel Grivas, has been compensated by the Cypriots' having independence thrust upon them. But majority self-determination is still limited by the minority self-determination of having two communal Assemblies, Greek and Turkish, which it is trusted that one over-all legislative body will be able to bridge. The system is complex and it will require a great deal of patience—or of pressure from Athens, Ankara and Mr. Dulles—to work. (Also the Communists are around to make trouble and to display bleeding hearts for Cyprus). Perhaps fortunately, although more so than Malta, the island is not economically self-sufficient, and these non-democratic pressures, fiscally alleviated if Cyprus remains within the Commonwealth, may effectively do their work.

Lord Attlee, in his maiden speech in the Upper House, invoked the experience with Ireland as a warning against the doctrine of "No Compromise" in dealing with Cyprus. He warned that we should get no solutions by repeating the technique of "the Black and Tans". There are indeed occasions for "No Compromise", but not when one happens to be politically and morally wrong. The task here for the diplomat is to save face, for the politician to be generous

and for the military to fade out. Although what has happened may cause various British Blimps to suffer apoplexy or to emigrate to Boer South Africa, it is significant that Attlee's speech was listened to not only respectfully but even sympathetically in the Lords. In effect its recommendations, due in part to the personal characteristics of Mr. Harold Macmillan, have been accepted. Archbishop Makarios has emerged as the Great Moderate, willing to work with those from whom he differed and, so far as one can yet judge, more ready to toast the Commonwealth than some Canadian flag-wavers. On the whole, it has been carried through in the Indian mode, and is a creditable exercise in sound statesmanship.

GEORGE E. GORDON CATLIN.

### Black Mischief

Unrest in Africa continues. Early this year the Belgian Congo, whose firmly authoritarian rule has often been defended on the ground of its success, suffered a rude shock in the form of riots at Léopoldville. The Belgians have in recent years shown an anxious care for the spiritual and physical welfare of their black charges. They have been very careful about mission activity — only the Roman Catholics seem unhampered — and they have sedulously protected the population from political contamination. The riots must strike them as gross ingratitude. In the Congo it looks as if the issues are fairly simple — black servant versus white master.

In Nyasaland, where riots have also been raging, the conflict is not so simple. There the situation is complicated by the presence of enfranchised white settlers. The deal perpetrated some years ago by Mr. Secretary Oliver Lyttleton (Con.) in amalgamating Nyasaland and Rhodesia is exposed for what it is: a piece of horse-trading. The federation was calculated to secure the dominance of white settlers



### *The St. Lawrence Seaway*

By T. L. HILLS, McGill University. The opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway in July, at which Queen Elizabeth II will preside, will complete a project planned for generations. The author gives historical background, geographical and technical problems, political controversies, economic consequences. With 16 illustrations. \$2.50

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in both countries, and as such it was from the first feared and resisted by African opinion. The trend of legislation in the new dominion has confirmed the fears, and now has exacerbated resistance to the point of violence.

If you give self-government to a country where a comparatively well-educated and vociferous white minority is sitting on top of a depressed black population you are throwing the black men to the wolves. Many African leaders in countries like Nyasaland and Tanganyika realize this, and would prefer the protection of the administering power till there are enough trained and educated Africans to counterbalance the white settlers. They do not want dominion status if the dominion is to be ruled by white settlers.

Rather than that, many would prefer the continuance of white leadership of the professional and disinterested sort provided by the colonial civil servant. They realize that as a rule (there are exceptions) the "official" has no axe to grind. Running a colonial territory is just a job to him — a job with a pension which will enable him to retire and cultivate roses in Cheltenham or Upper Tooting. Obviously it is far from ideal that a people should be governed by men who do not know or care very much about them. But it may seem better than that they should be exploited by committed colonists.

One must, of course, sympathize with the white settlers. The wealth of Central and East Africa, such as it is, is largely due to their efforts. The present large population of Tanganyika, for example, would starve if it had to depend on food produced by Africans themselves. Then, too, the

settlers come from countries in which they have been accustomed to exercise the vote and take part in local government.

But the example of South Africa is close at hand. There the white men claim supremacy as a right given by God, confirmed by history and continued by force. Africans in neighbouring territories may be forgiven if they feel that, betrayed by the British colonial office, there is no other course open to them but violence. At present the violence is spontaneous, sporadic and unorganized. It is easy to crush. But the despair which gives rise to it cannot be crushed.

Hope for some sort of liberal development in Africa—the sort of inter-racial harmony which the Capricorn Society tries to promote — appears less and less substantial. Politics are becoming starkly black and white.

Ask a negro politician what is the matter with Africa and he will tell you "Colonialism." But he is himself a product of colonialism, like much else of value in Africa. If you ask a settler the same question he will say, "It took us three hundred years to become civilized and these fellows think they can do it in a generation." This too is false. None of us is three hundred years old.

Such are the lies of which history is made. England, after all, built a splendid tradition of liberty on some corks of lies about Magna Carta. It looks as if the new nations of Africa are going to grow strong on lies about the unmitigated evils of colonialism and white supremacy. Recent history in Central Africa lends them a certain plausibility.

KILDARE DOBBS



## A Return Visit

C. R. Fay, distinguished economic historian, one-time professor in the Department of Political Economy at the University of Toronto, has recently visited Toronto after an absence of some years.

► AFTER SIX HECTIC WEEKS I returned by B.O.A.C. to my own country (England, which for me is Cambridge and Belfast, where I am domiciled); to a country which, apart from its newly acquired fashion of getting rid of the remnants of its Empire, changes but little over the years: which persists in the *left* rule of the road, has its threads, screws and bolts the opposite way round, to the detriment of its export market and will have nothing to do with Kilos except at an air terminal. Politically, Northern Ireland follows suit; for it is far more likely that Canada will unite with Washington than that Ulster will re-partition itself into Eire (I like these re-s. I was always "re-confirming," for I was only confirmed once, at the age of fourteen.)

I read the *Manchester Guardian*, when I read anything. I do not touch the gutter press now that it tried to sell itself by ungallant references to Princess Margaret—an example set originally by a sententious third leader in the London *Times*, which led me to abjure that journal for a year or more. The Macmillan government is engaged in buying votes by loan doles to Scotland and Wales, which will do it little good, since Scotland demands the whole, England seems to get nothing, and Wales in any case will vote Liberal or Labour. Its one asset—and a big one—is the disgust of scores of thousands of men and women (each having a vote) with the trade union policy of Group Grab, more pay for less work, and 100% strikes on bus routes, railways and airports, from the first of which they suffer endless discomfort, and yet if it came to an election and I were in England, I should vote Labour, because to their honor they distrust Dulles and would do their independent best to come to terms with Russia. Canadians with whom I have talked seemed to feel the same way, but shied at the idea of an independent stand regardless of Macmillan or the U.S.A. (How I wish I could have talked it over with Harold Innis.) For Eisenhower himself I have a deep regard. The generals of World War II, British and American, are engaged in publishing their memoirs, praising themselves and dispraising others. When someone asked Ike, who did win the war?, he replied, "I don't know; but if we'd lost it, I do know who'd have lost it."

Well, what struck me most in the Toronto of 1958? Of course, the endless day and night non-stop stream of long automobiles, varied only by perky Volkswagens. I made three interesting journeys on foot: 1. To Fort York, by the Exhibition Grounds, and along the grass lake fronts, past Tip Top Tailors, to the Laura Secord building, where I bought my candies. I was the only person I saw on foot till I got north of King Street, as I walked back to Hart House along Bathurst and my old home Street, Brunswick Avenue. 2. In the Rosedale ravine, in which I got lost after dining with Gilbert Jackson. Up side streets, ever endless stationary cars. I went up to several (it was after eleven p.m.) in the hope of being told my way, but I met only one woman, who hurried from me, suspecting that I was addressing her improperly. 3. On my way back from a visit by bus to Ned Pratt on Glencairn Avenue north of Eglinton. It was Sunday, and of course I met some people on foot, and I stood in

admiration before the granite of the Church of the Messiah, and the "vicarage" as I took it to be at a distance, named "Professional Engineers." How it would have delighted Samuel Butler. Oh God, Oh . . .

But have you a message for us, Professor? Yes, indeed. You know more than I ever did of science. (If I came again to live with you, I should attend that Plus Comptometry School in the Church St. vicinity). But start Debating Societies in all your schools, such as we have at home; and then your Hart House debates will be worthy of the House of Commons. I went down to the City Hall to witness the award of the Gold Medals of Honor: and the only recipient to speak audibly and concisely was Mr. Sigmund Samuel. The Mayor roared, but not so clearly as my old friend Tommy Church, whose portrait in the main gallery is the best of them all.

Was I disappointed in any way? How could I be, for I was sumptuously treated from start to finish alike in Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton and Guelph. I did not miss a single match, and while I groaned with the Argos, I was rather sorry that McGill and Queen's (the latter champions for six years out of nine in my years, 1921-29, which so distressed the alumni that they urged President Falconer to hire toughs from without to remove the slur) could not make an even match of it. The forward pass was for me a dazzling innovation, of which I saw something in 1950. I thought that the Queen's stunt of destroying the goal posts was feebler than the stunt of my day when we coaxed a phosphorized pig around the track at half time, for which the President had to apologize to the S.P.C.A.

But what is your most vivid impression? Ah! That is easy. I shut my eyes to see those multi-colored palaces of used cars, offering themselves on instalment to purchasers of either sex, and reminding me of the poignant scenes described by Sam Weller to Mr. Pickwick (Chapter 16) under the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge. But when the snow comes?

Any suggestions for the School of Commerce? Yes. First one—an improvement in the quality of North American advertising. At Hallowe'en I saw on T.V. a splendid featherweight fight of seven rounds in New York. Between the rounds sponsored advertisements (which I greatly like) concluding with Mickey Mouse stuff, suited to children under twelve.

"Gillette razor: the cheapest ever: 98c"—repeated in a vulgar monotone after most rounds: and for a variant a beardless youth scraping Gillette cream off a cheek that had never sprouted a whisker. (But with one thing in its favor, the announcer did *not* show his own face: and so we were spared the mincing female and flabby male of the B.B.C., alongside the sniggers and I-do-feels of the Brains Trust.)

This is how it should be done. After the price announcement (scene one) a short ode to the Gillette razor—perhaps a quatrain such as—

"And here's to Gillette  
With its wonderful cream  
The razor will set  
And the lather's a dream."

And the offer of a free set for alternative verses. Then, for the last interval a real winner,—presenting an orangoutang, hired from the zoo, trained to shave himself with a Gillette and concluding without any training (because that's his habit) with the animal scratching his own tummy. And the caption "Have we a common ancestor?" It would captivate all listeners, be the talk of the continent, and with luck provoke the rage of the Fundamental South.

C. R. FAY.

## Canadian Calendar

- The Government has on file 1,347 designs for a distinctive Canadian flag.
  - After two years of negotiation, TCA has signed a reciprocal agreement with Aeroflot, the Russian national airline, covering travel to any place in Russia or on any route travelled by Aeroflot.
  - Deputy Minister of Customs David Sim has suggested that the courts provide a legal definition of obscenity to guide his department in prohibiting the import of immoral or indecent publications, in accordance with tariff item 1201.
  - The president of the 65,000-member National Federation of Canadian Student Affairs told a press conference that lack of money prevents Canadian participation in international student meetings. The cost of his plane fare to the International Student Conference in Lima, Peru, last February was paid by the American Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs, the cost of room and board by the Canadian Student Federation. The Federation applied to the External Affairs Dept. for financial support to attend a student seminar in Bolivia next May, but was refused.
  - Immigration Minister Fairclough has refused to grant visas to two Chinese trade union delegates who were invited by the United Electrical Workers to attend their convention in May.
  - The Bureau of Statistics reports that average salaries for full-time university teachers, from deans to lecturers, are \$7,558 in Western Canada, \$7,420 in Ontario, \$6,756 in Quebec and \$5,923 in the Atlantic provinces.
  - The Northern Affairs Dept. has announced plans for a new program, possibly co-operative and including commercial fisheries and lumbering, for about 300 Eskimos living in depressed settlements along the east coast of Ungava Bay in Northern Quebec.
  - Mr. Justice Rand, who retires from the Supreme Court of Canada at the end of April, will become dean of the law school being opened next fall at the University of Western Ontario.
  - From mid-March to mid-June a small group of scientists, technicians and surveyors organized by the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys, will survey resources in a 300-mile area centred on Isachsen and Elef Ringnes Island in Canada's polar basin. A tidal station will be set up at Isachsen, and eventually, permanent geophysical stations are to be set up at Alert and Mould Bay.
  - The Restrictive Trade Practices Commission has reported that CIL (Canadian Industries Ltd.) has a restrictive hold on the wholesale distribution of ammunition in Canada, and recommended that the Government break it.
  - The Canadian Postal Employees Association has asked the Post Office Department to discontinue motion and time study methods introduced two years ago in several post offices. They claim that letter sorters, in trying to maintain the sorting average of their department, actually become less efficient.
  - Increases in train commuter fares which the railways proposed to put into effect March 15 have been suspended until after hearings by the Board of Transport Commissioners. Railways are to provide interested parties with summaries of their evidence by April 17; municipalities and other interested bodies opposing higher rates are to have their objections in by April 21; the hearings will begin as soon as possible after April 27.
  - The Norwegian Embassy has announced that it is offering a 10-month scholarship for a Canadian to study in Norway during 1959-60.
  - Ontario's 1959 budget sets aside \$58,800,000, the largest welfare expenditure in the budget, to initiate a five-year plan for the improvement and reorganization of facilities to care for the mentally ill.
  - The 116-acre Fairholme Ranch in Banff National Park, at which Princess Margaret spent three days last year, was bought by the Canadian Government on March 11 for \$125,000.
  - The number of West Indian immigrants to enter Canada in 1958 was 1,192.
  - The Manitoba government now has in its hands clear and decisive recommendations for the construction of a flood channel around Winnipeg and for diversion of the Assiniboine River into a route bypassing the city. The report of the Commission had taken over eight years of work; last fall, when the Commission requested another year to wind up its work, the Government told it to report or be dissolved.
  - The number of government employees rose by more than 8,000 in the first year of the Progressive Conservative administration.
  - Early in March the hereditary chiefs at the Six Nations Indian Reserve near Brantford, Ont. seized power from the elected council. They proclaimed independence from Canada and instituted action in the Supreme Court of Ontario challenging the legality of the elective system.
- The following week, after a warning from Citizenship Minister Fairclough to the chiefs, whose Indian police force had made arrests and held trials, the RCMP served summonses on 133 Iroquois warriors for impersonating police officers. (The warriors were listening to rock and roll records when the RCMP descended upon them.) Four Indians were arrested for obstructing the police.
- A joint committee of the Senate and the House of Commons is to be set up to review the Indian Act and the administration of Indian affairs.

### *The Mismatched Muse*

Shallow, callow, and unashamed,  
My poetic Muse remains untamed.  
While others write their lyrics, I  
Hurl limping lyrics at the sky.

My febrile pen goes racing on  
Composing now a Beat Don Juan.  
But at my back I always hear  
The flat tires of my charioteer.

And has great Troy then, come to this?  
A Satevepost-type carnal bliss?  
Alas, no, I would have a bash  
At the laurel wreath of Ogden Nash.

*Mary Alice Hunter.*

## Canada, Nato, And the Nth Power Problem

**James Eayrs**

► THE SECOND PART of the Prime Minister's statement on February 20 announces the most momentous development in Canadian external policy since the North Atlantic Treaty was signed ten years ago this month. The Government has decided that Bomarc and Lacrosse missiles in Canadian service may be armed with nuclear warheads. But these warheads are not to be produced in Canada. Nor are they to be obtained from the United States under the conditions imposed by the Atomic Energy Act of 1954 as since amended, so "that ownership and custody of the nuclear warheads should remain with the United States." It is not through lack of raw materials or money or technology that we have resorted to this procedure. We can make our own atomic weapons if we want to. But the Government doesn't want to. It believes "in the importance of limiting the spread of nuclear weapons at the independent disposal of national governments." Accepting American control is our contribution to the solution of what has been called "the Nth power problem" (where N. represents the number of countries possessing or having unrestricted access to nuclear weapons).

It will be argued in what follows that such a policy will do little or nothing to prevent the spread of atomic weapons throughout the states-system. It will also be argued that general considerations of Western strategy, as well as special circumstances of Canadian defence, make desirable national ownership and control of whatever nuclear stockpile it may be necessary to acquire.

### I

During the days of America's atomic monopoly, a few far-sighted observers had already begun to consider the prospects for a world in which nuclear weapons would be available not only to the Soviet Union but to many other countries. Such a world is now with us. The United Kingdom has become the third nuclear power. France will become the fourth within months. Switzerland intends to create a nuclear underpinning for neutrality; Sweden is likely to follow. In August, 1958, the Soviet Union offered atomic weapons, ballistic missiles and nuclear reactors to the Peoples' Republic of China. Mr. Khrushchev's subsequent proposal for "a zone of peace, above all an atom-free zone" which "can and must be created in the Far East and the entire Pacific Ocean area" suggests the Russians are reconsidering their August offer. But if the Chinese Communists cannot get Soviet help they will go ahead on their own. A Soviet atomic embargo may delay but will not frustrate Peking's acquisition of this most potent of all international status symbols.

These applicants for membership in the nuclear club already hammer at its gates. During the 1960's the line-up will assuredly lengthen. Nuclear arsenals may be independently developed, perhaps by China and Japan, Australia and Argentina. They may be created surreptitiously, perhaps by India, by breeding from reactors donated for peaceful purposes. There will be further transfer of nuclear weapons by atomic to previously non-atomic powers. The Nasses, the Kassims and the Castros of the next decade will confront their external and internal enemies from positions of nuclear strength.

The perils of this situation are readily apparent. The danger of accidental atomic war will increase as each newly

nuclear nation is added to the list — war resulting not from design, but from the derangement or miscalculation of one or more governments; or from the aberration of individuals along one or more chains of command; or from the malfunctioning of nuclear devices in one or more national stockpiles. Catalytic atomic war will be another hazard — war between the great powers fomented by a small power, perhaps by planting a delayed action nuclear device in a country whose relations with a powerful rival are known to be tense. The most comprehensive atomic arms control scheme, even if approached with the greatest goodwill by the great powers, will be utterly unworkable as nuclear weapons are spread throughout the world.

So harrowing an outlook has prompted a variety of appeals to prospective nuclear powers to renounce whatever prestige or security they may hope to derive from atomic weapons in the interest of common tranquillity and indeed of common survival. M. Rapacki of Poland has appealed for an atom-free zone in Central Europe; Mr. Khrushchev for an atom-free zone in the Far East. The most ambitious proposal was made in the United Nations General Assembly by the Irish Minister of External Affairs in September, 1958. The Irish solution to the Nth power problem is to assign to N the value of four — the present nuclear powers plus France — and to try to keep constant the value of N by having these four powers undertake never to provide others with nuclear weapons or technology. All these plans are manifestly unsuited to their purpose. To them the enlightened self-interest of the Swiss or the Swedes might respond, and their attraction for West Germans is immense. But the Chinese Communists will not be moved; already they have turned a deaf ear to Soviet entreaties for atomic abnegation in the Pacific. And how can the nuclear powers of either side trust that the others are not secretly assisting their friends? Given a method of inspection (assuming it can be devised), their doubts might be stilled. But no one familiar with the fate of the modest proposals for international control of nuclear weapons testing can hope for agreement on the infinitely more intrusive scheme needed for protection against atomic arms smuggling or clandestine production. It is highly unrealistic to forego national control over nuclear weapons in the expectation of warding off the era of nuclear plenty. Such renunciation will no more achieve its purpose than would the old-age pensioner, alone in a society of speculators and barrow-boys, who gives up sugar in his tea to fight inflation.

If the gesture were merely ineffectual, no harm need come of it. But there are reasons for believing that it could do considerable damage, both to the strategy of the Atlantic Alliance and to the interests of Canada.

### II

Notwithstanding such doctrinal aberrations as the British White Paper on Defence for 1958, the strategy of the Atlantic Alliance no longer threatens massive retaliation in response to conventional attack. So obvious a bluff, involving the certain death of a hundred million innocents (at least half of whom would be casualties of the retaliator), is more likely to encourage conventional attack than to deter it. Massive retaliation has been replaced by what is sometimes called "graduated deterrence," a strategy fitting punishment to crime, providing (in the phrase of Mr. Lester Pearson) the proper proportions of force.

There are two requirements for any successful strategy of graduated deterrence. One is that nuclear weapons be developed for tactical use against conventional attack. (An alternative, to confront Soviet ground forces with an even greater number of conventionally armed NATO troops, was and is within our power but seems clearly beyond our capacity for self-sacrifice). Critics of graduated deterrence

maintain that even tactical nuclear weapons will wreak such destruction that a conflict cannot be at once atomic and limited. This argument indicates unfamiliarity with recent technical accomplishment. Already the United States is equipping its troops with the "Davy Crockett," an atomic mortar so light that it is carried by a single infantryman and fired with the help of two others; the United States Atomic Energy Commission is presently exploding nuclear devices of force equivalent to less than ten tons of TNT. When the French Minister of Defence as recently as October, 1957, professed not to be "awed by science-fiction stories" about "atomic machine guns and revolvers," he displayed a lack of imagination unworthy of a compatriot of Jules Verne.

The second requirement of graduated deterrence (without which the first is useless) is that the potential aggressor be made aware that his conventional forays will be met by such tactical atomic weapons as the defender may have at his disposal. Lacking that awareness the aggressor will be undeterred, and the strategy will have failed in its primary purpose. Accordingly, statesmen and soldiers of the Atlantic Alliance have declared again and again that tactical atomic weapons can and will be used, as President Eisenhower observed in 1955, "exactly as you would use a bullet or anything else."

This message has been slurred and garbled in transmission; and if its meaning is lost, the second requirement of graduated deterrence is unfulfilled. Responsibility for the peril in which this places the Alliance must be borne partly by those who have failed (as Mr. Duncan Sandys failed in 1958 and Mr. Eisenhower during his particularly disastrous press conference on March 11) to keep as distinct as they must be kept the strategies of massive retaliation and graduated deterrence. But most responsibility rests with that persistent propensity of public opinion to place all nuclear weapons, irrespective of yield and destructiveness, in a special area of iniquity from which they may be withdrawn only to retaliate against all-out thermonuclear attack. It is the fault of that peculiar attitude of mind which accepts with relative equanimity assault upon civilian populations with firebombs, napalm or other "conventional" explosives, while refusing in the name of humanity to allow an atomic shell to be fired upon a column of invading tanks.

By producing its own nuclear arsenal, or by insisting upon complete control of that obtained from the United States, the Canadian Government could do much to dispel the public image of the atomic weapon as intrinsically abhorrent and diabolical, qualitatively distinct from weapons which may indeed inflict far greater suffering. It could provide a rare opportunity to instruct Canadians in what, for better or worse, has become the doctrine of the Alliance to which they belong. But by accepting atomic weapons only in the custody of their present owner, the Canadian Government will widen the gulf which separates the strategy of NATO's political and military leaders from the views of ordinary people. That in turn weakens the deterrent. It may encourage the Soviet leaders to move with increasing recklessness to the brink of all-out war, and beyond.

### III

For Canadian defence policy, the decision to accept nuclear weapons only under United States control imposes a number of obvious disadvantages. No international weapons system will appear as efficient as the system operated by a single national command. And since appearances are all that matter in weapons which, like the Bomarc, are designed to deter, not to fight, the deterrent capacity of an air defence system dependent upon decisions made by Americans as well as Canadians will be less than if it were solely a Canadian

responsibility. What is known of similar attempts to integrate American-controlled atomic weapons with the conventionally armed forces of other nations does not arouse confidence in the method. The British deputy commander of NATO's Atlantic Fleet in 1952 has recently declared that he "always supposed the American carriers had atom bombs, but no one ever told me officially. Which of the aircraft could take them, what the conditions before their use were, I have not the slightest idea"—even though supreme command would have passed to him had his American superior been killed or disabled.

Besides strengthening the deterrent against Soviet aerial attack, acquisition of its own atomic weapons would give Canada access to the store of American nuclear data now available only to the United Kingdom. By detonating an atomic device the French will soon take their place at Britain's side as America's nuclear confidants; and thus realize General de Gaulle's conception of an inner NATO, that Anglo-French-American triumvirate for which he strove without success under the Cross of Lorraine. No one has opposed this conception more vigorously than Mr. Diefenbaker. If the Canadian Government hopes to play in future its accustomed influential part in the working of the Atlantic Alliance, it will need its own nuclear weapons for admission to the inner council.

The announcement of February 20 expresses the Government's "intention to provide Canadian forces with modern and efficient weapons to enable them to fulfill their respective roles". If this means what it says, the nuclear Bomarc and the nuclear Lacrosse are only the first in a large variety of tactical atomic weapons with which our armed forces are to be furnished. As this comes about, the self-denying ordinance of February 20 is sure to prove a growing encumbrance. How, for example, is it proposed to safeguard the principle of American custodianship of nuclear depth-charges in the cramped quarters of a Canadian destroyer? Even with some fiction contrived to satisfy the letter of the Atomic Energy Act it will be at the expense of the deterrent. And if the experience with United States personnel on the early warning systems is any indication an ostentatious scattering of American guardians throughout our defence establishment will be a continuous source of friction and discomfort.

One thing is already certain. With or without American control, Canada's acquisition of atomic weapons makes more urgent than ever that Canadian citizens be instructed in the hazards of fall-out and provided with protection against them. Yet what is being done for civil defence? Who is General Worthington's successor? What has happened to General Graham's report? What, indeed, has happened to General Graham? That question, at least, may be answered. He is planning the visit of the Queen and Prince Philip. First things first.

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## Heat of Summer

*David Helwig*

► MISS MACHRY LOOKED in the mirror, straightened her dress and then sat down in a chair beside the open window and waved the old Japanese fan. She succeeded in washing away only a little of the oppressive heat. As she looked out the window and up the dusty street, the leaves waved in the late sunlight. There was no sign of him yet. She went back to her fanning. It was an exacting task, for only by the gentlest of handling could she preserve the fan. It had been her mother's many years ago, treasured both as useful and exotic, to be placed on any table that needed a touch of color and life. After her mother was taken (Miss Machry bowed her head slightly at the thought), she had used it to fan her father as he rocked into his dotation on the front porch of the house. There was a twinge of pain as she thought of that last awful summer, the hottest in years, with the air dry and dusty in the daytime and at night heavy and sweet with the scent of flowers. In those last months, her father lay on the porch silent and paralyzed, a wreck in the painful sun. For hours she sat and fanned him, spoke to him and waited. Then, almost with the first cool breeze of fall, he died and left her, relieved and alone.

She stood up and looked in the mirror. Was the lipstick too bright? she wondered. Just in case, she blotted it once more and checked again before she threw the kleenex in the wastebasket. Now it was all right. With her hand she touched her hair. It had been a rush to get to the hairdresser's in time after work and then to come home and change. She should have eaten a decent meal, she supposed, but she was in such a hurry and she really wasn't hungry. Perhaps a bit of bread and cheese right now. But she decided against it. Once more she checked her dress, spinning around to make sure her slip didn't show. The fan was still in her hand. She opened it again, waved it gingerly. As she fanned, she looked up the street which was growing dark in the shadow of the trees. It was silent and empty. For a moment she worried. He must have been kept late at the store. Those boys were always ducking out early and leaving him to clean up. He was too kind hearted to complain to them about it. The thought of the boys made her feel personally injured. As if they were the only ones who were in a hurry to get out and go some place. She hoped they would see them tonight. Restraining the urge to do a little dance step across the floor, she sat down in her chair. With a nail file, she carefully repeated her simple manicure. She decided that perhaps she was a little hungry. When she had set down the nail file, she looked at her dim reflection in the mirror for the last time and went downstairs.

In the kitchen, she opened the icebox and took out a block of cheese, cut off a little piece and put it away. She ate it, along with a piece of unbuttered bread from the end of the loaf in the breadbox. The glass of water with which she washed it down tasted of chlorine. Cheese was binding, she knew, and not at all good for anyone who was troubled with constipation, but it was so simple. Besides, it seemed almost inmodest to admit that she was troubled in that way. She checked her watch; he certainly was a little behind time.

Outside the kitchen window, the birds were calling through the hot air. So were the crickets and locusts. The whole garden, on the verge of darkness, was full of peace and silence. She thought of the man who was on his way to her through the silent town and the dark streets, and she knelt in front of the open window.

"Lord," she said and her voice sounded strange in the empty room, "make me worthy of such happiness." For a

few moments she knelt there with her eyes tight shut, not praying really, just listening to the sounds from the backyard. Then she heard the sound of a car coming down the street, and she got swiftly to her feet. It went on past the house. Miss Machry stood still, a little ashamed of her excitement and hurry. But there was no use kneeling again. Her knee-joints were a little sore from the unaccustomed bending. Tomorrow in church she would be especially attentive to her prayers and make it up. She wondered vaguely whether they would be too late for her to make the early service. It would do no harm to go at eleven o'clock after such a special occasion, but it must not become a habit. Lost in her speculation, she was almost unaware of a car stopping in front of the house. When the knock on the door came, she suddenly realized that he was there, and for a moment she was panic-stricken. But she quickly composed herself, brushed and straightened her dress, and went to answer the door.

"Good evening Edith," he said as he stood in the doorway. Miss Machry restrained an urge to look modestly away. Instead she looked straight into his eyes and smiled.

"Good evening Jim." She almost made the mistake of asking whether the boys had kept him late at the store, but she caught herself in time and said only, "Isn't it warm?"

"Yes," he replied. "I'm afraid I'm a little late. The boys at the store skipped out early again." Miss Machry was glad that he had mentioned it first. With a start she realized that they were still standing at the door.

"Do come in for a minute," she said. He nodded and entered. Now that they were in, what were they to do? She took his hat, temporized. There was no reason for her to be so excited. She had not been like this since the first time he had come to pick her up. But after all, tonight was special.

"Would you like a glass of wine Jim? Or a little something to eat? Perhaps some bread and cheese." She almost wondered whether he was ever troubled . . . but she caught herself and suppressed the thought before it had a chance to form.

"I wouldn't mind a glass of wine." She moved toward her bottle of ceremonial sherry with its accompanying wine-glasses.

"I don't know how you stand those boys," she said, "children nowadays are so lazy." That was a regrettable thing to have said. It made her sound old.

"All children are much the same I guess," he answered tolerantly, "I doubt if I was much better at that age." Miss Machry was relieved. His answer put them on the same basis as far as age was concerned. He went on. "Whenever I feel like criticizing other people's children, I just ask myself whether I could have raised them any better if they'd been mine. I doubt if I could." The spectre of his dead wife was in the room for a few seconds then. She had been a sickly woman, unable to give her husband children, and she had died very young. Miss Machry poured the sherry, a glass for him and a taste for herself. She wondered if it was at all improper to think whether she could bear him children, and suddenly she was aware of her stomach pressing against the edge of the sideboard. She stood a little straighter. When she handed Jim his glass, he smiled and asked her what they should toast. She began to modestly demur, then was seized by a moment of recklessness. Raising her glass, she said:

"To our adventure tonight."

"May it be a proper beginning," he continued. They touched glasses and drank solemnly. Miss Machry tried to make her wine last as long as his, but it was so little that it was soon gone. The glass was awkward in her hand. She set it down and moved toward the stairs.

"I'll be down in a minute," she said. "and we can leave." As she reached the stairs, she wondered painfully if he thought she was going to the toilet after her sudden rush to leave. It was too late to do much about her embarrassment. She turned back toward him.

"I think I'd better close the windows. It smells a little like rain." All she really wanted to do was to check once more, to see that she looked all right. When she reached the head of the stairs, she turned on the bedroom light and closed a couple of windows, noisily so that he could hear. Then she went to the mirror and checked once again. She looked at her dress on her thin figure, her hands, her pale ashen face. Disapprovingly she studied the greying hair over her temples. Everything seemed in order so she shut off the light and went downstairs. He had finished his wine and was ready. He rose as she came into the room.

"All set?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "all ready." They went toward the door. Mentally Miss Machry checked to see that she hadn't left any lights burning upstairs. She would leave the light in the hall on so that the house didn't look too empty. When they reached his car, he helped her in. Then they drove off down the road, leaving a cloud of dust. They sat close together on the seat of the car as they drove through town, feeling like conspirators, for their courtship was a carefully guarded secret which up till now they had chosen to reveal to no-one. It kept them safe both from ridicule and sympathy. Jim checked his watch.

"Seems a little early yet. We should wait till the crowd gets there. Maybe we'll drive around for a while first."

"All right Jim," she replied and rested her hand on his arm for a moment. Miss Machry was in no hurry. She was beginning to have second thoughts. Once or twice as they drove through the country, she started to speak, to suggest that they put it off. But each time she controlled herself and sat in silence.

"Jim," she said finally when she had gathered the courage to speak, "do you think this is wise. Perhaps we should . . ." Her voice died away. She had no idea what they should do. She was just frightened.

"We're going to have to do it sometime," he said, "and we agreed that this way was best." He stopped the car beside the lake. For a while they parked there and watched the moon on the water glittering and moving with the ripples. Once Jim turned to her and put his hand gently on her hair and took it away again. She thrilled with pleasure, but she hoped her hair wasn't mussed. It was so light and got untidy so easily. He checked his watch.

"We'll go now." Miss Machry nodded. They drove back to town and up to the main street. As they neared the park, they began to encounter heavy traffic. All the young people in town were out at the dance. Miss Machry had a bad moment as they parked the car, she grew suddenly dizzy and thought she was going to be sick. But she sat still for a moment, then got out and Jim took her hand and it was all right again. Holding each other's hands, they walked through the darkness toward the circle of light. Miss Machry could feel her hand uncomfortably wet and warm. They could see the young people, boys from the town, soldiers, and girls standing against the trees in the light. The boys from Jim's store would probably be here; the thought gave Miss Machry a certain satisfaction. They were almost in the circle of light; soon the news of their courtship would be abroad in the town. Tomorrow everyone would know. Miss Machry was afraid. The next two steps were the equivalent of a public announcement.

They emerged from the light and walked up to the counter. Grace, the woman who sold the tickets and re-

freshments looked at them, trying to hide her surprise. Several of the boys and girls stopped their conversations and looked around.

"Two tickets please, Grace," Jim said in a strong, confident voice. Miss Machry was shivering with fear. They took their tickets and walked into the dancehall. Fantastic couples shuffled under the weird yellow light. Miss Machry thought she could see a tremor pass through the crowd when they walked in. But she decided that it was an illusion. However a few of the youngsters turned to look at them as they stood there hand in hand, a little at a loss for something to say or do. She was filled with dismay and almost disgust as she watched the boy who danced in front of them sliding his hand smoothly across the back of the girl he was dancing with. Then Jim turned to her and took hold of her, and they began to dance.

The music was slower than she found comfortable, and they danced awkwardly. She felt like part of an archaic monster as they turned across the floor. Some of the youngsters stood and watched their ungainly progress. Miss Machry's face burned as she thought of the stories they would tell their parents. Then she looked at Jim, his long, tired face and greying hair looking strange in the yellow light, and she didn't care any more.

She was afraid the dancing was making her sweat. There was a dampness along her back where Jim's hand was resting. The night seemed to be growing hotter and hotter. Over Jim's shoulder, she saw one of the boys from the store approaching. When he got a little closer he spoke.

"Hello Mr. Cameron."

Jim was startled by the sudden voice, stopped and looked back over his shoulder. Miss Machry could not stop turning and lost her balance. The room whirled around as she fell over Jim's leg, tripping him and throwing him down. There was a sudden pain in her hip when she hit the floor. She heard herself give an ugly grunt. Her dress was above her knees, and she was trying to hold it down when Jim fell on top of her, hurting her hip again. She saw a line of the legs of people who stood around looking on.

"Golly, Mr. Cameron, I'm sorry," the boy from the store was saying, "I didn't mean to do that." He helped Jim up. His girl knelt down beside Miss Machry. She was a stranger. Miss Machry wished she would go away.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Cameron," she said. Miss Machry winced. "Are you all right?" She helped her up. Miss Machry was afraid she was going to cry or be ill.

"Are you all right, Edith?" Jim said.

"Yes," she said, "but perhaps we had better go now." They moved toward the door. He did not speak again. She was afraid that he was angry; she wished they hadn't come.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Cameron." The boy was still there. Why didn't he go away? It was awful enough without his sympathy.

"That's all right, Jack," Jim answered, "it was my own fault."

Miss Machry was thinking ahead to tomorrow and the stares of the people in church. Perhaps she would stay away. When they arrived outside, it seemed strange that the world had not changed. A dog ran up the street and barked as he passed. Old Mr. and Mrs. Gordon still sat on their porch and tried to rock away the heat. Miss Machry reached over to take Jim's arm. She missed and stumbled. He caught her and held her by the elbow. Without a word, the two of them walked to the car and got in. As they drove home, Miss Machry could feel the pain in her hip where she had fallen. She had to sit toward one side. She was angry with herself for spoiling everything. Perhaps Jim was angry with her. The car stopped in front of her house. They got out and

walked to the door. As they stood there in silence, Jim smiled down at her.

"I'm glad we did it," he said. Then he put his arms around her and kissed her on her lips that were dry and cracked from the heat. His thin arms were strong around her and she closed her eyes tight. He held her for a long time, until she had become conscious of sweat on her back and the pain from her hip. Then he loosened his arms and she opened her eyes. He looked down at her, kissed her lightly once again and said goodnight. She watched him go down the walk. He climbed into his car. As she went into the house she could hear him driving away. She went up the stairs to her bedroom. Strangely, it was just the way she had left it. Bed, dresser, curtains, her mother's fan. She walked to the window and looked out. The town was silent under the shadow of the great old trees. There was no wind, no motion except a moth which fluttered around the streetlight, struggling to reach the bulb. Its battered wings weakened as it tried for the light and drifted farther away. As Miss Machry watched it, tears were running down her face. But underneath she was smiling and smiling.

### *Flower Garden*

Every morning while I wash my hands  
I can see from the window of my boardinghouse  
A thousand flowers  
Crowded into a tiny garden.

There is a woman there too  
Busily working among these budding colors  
Planting and pruning and cutting.

I find it hard to forget this woman  
Who strains the seams of her maroon slacks  
As the blossoms in her garden  
Press against the garden fence.

She calls these flowers her own  
And attributes their beauty to her industry.  
Some day they will make her a lovely wreath.

*John Robert Colombo.*

### *Intermission*

Under expressionless skies the actors wait  
for some command  
to carry on the play.  
The grass is still.  
The river moves in sleep.  
The air is glass whirled to the planet's arc  
and birds drowsy with sun dream on the bough.

Observe the hour-glass.  
Midway the sand has stopped  
held by a mood of summer.  
Columbine  
hangs listless now  
and daisies stare in a hypnotic trance.  
I can't decide  
whether I live or not between the acts  
of summer stock.  
It hardly seems  
a matter worth reflection.

*M. E. Drew.*

### *January*

The ice season, scraps on the tufted lawn,  
And days drawing out past the zero hour  
Of December, he came crawling out  
To find the air blue water pouring  
Between the skeleton trees and about  
The houses, swirled by the sullen power  
Of smoke lifted past his Capricorn.

The grizzle rubber of a tyre scoring  
Zig-zags deep in the back-yard earth,  
He asked why but got no answer to that.  
His mother laughing at the garage door  
Had the world right like a diplomat,  
Knew all the reasons of his birth  
Why he should go on not stop adoring.

So he came not without a whimper or  
A bang — the engine faltered willing  
And the door crashed him outwards to the cold;  
Wednesday's child in the long thin queue  
of life waiting for entrance, to be told  
He'd been right round the building,  
That lines if long enough are circular.

He passed on slowly, as he slowly grew  
And looked between his threaded woollen shawl  
To see grave winter flowers blossoming,  
Deep earth shoulderering off the weight  
Of snow. He asked more questions, following  
The only road he saw between the tall  
Lamp standards that his mother drew.  
Long way back uphill he saw the gate  
Behind him now: in front the next man's back  
More squared against the longings of the wait.

*John Orrell.*

### *Rain Poem?*

Outside, the slow rain  
Which I transmute  
Variously, open with its blade  
Correlatives, equivalents, vaults . . .

Outside, the rain patiently  
Waits, enters the room,  
A doorway in my head—and I  
Think how a man grows old

Listening to his blood's music  
On the roof—how  
Once the soaked shoulders used  
To leap under the rough shower

Pelting into his mind's recesses  
Like a drunkenness will  
Unlock some opening, or female flesh  
Make an emptiness full

Momentarily—now rationalize  
The softly falling water  
To echo, requiem, or cry  
Of a strange animal . . .

*Alfred W. Purdy.*

## Three Poems

Anne Wilkinson

### FALCONRY

The *Boke of St. Albans* had laid down precisely the classes of people to whom any proper-minded member of the Falconidae might belong . . . The list had defined itself meticulously downward to the kestrel, and he, as a crowning insult, was allowed to belong to a mere knave — because he was useless to be trained (from T. H. White's *The Goshawk*).

1

Eagle for a emperor  
Peregrine is due an earl  
Goshawk is the right of yeoman  
Kestrel for a knave or no-man.

God's left hand must bear them all:  
Eagle of the emperor,  
Peregrine that's due an earl,  
Yeoman's goshawk, and the knave's  
Bating kestrel, no-man's slave.

Rather bating kestrel, I,  
Than mind the fist beneath the glove.  
I, a kestrel, God, the Knave —  
And I will \*bate until I die,  
And bite the leather of my jesses,  
And starve before I eat His messes.  
Can I do more? Sweet Knave, I'll try.

Yet that fist and glove are home,  
For, banished, what could I bate from?

2

As falcon on a falconer's wrist,  
So should I, on God's big fist;  
Yet will I not or preen or sit  
Or take His lure, the rabbit skull,  
And dip my hawking beak in hell.  
Rather would I bate;  
Headdown hang and scream and squawk  
And churn the air and rough my feathers,  
For though the leash that holds my jesses  
Ties me to the precincts of His glove,  
I will not love.

If tidbits do not tame His falcon  
God remembers Babylon  
And proper ways to tease and starve  
The lust upon His leather glove.  
Regard me now: I quiet sit,  
Brooding on the skulls I'll split.  
Or watch my flight; its easy pause,  
Angle of incidence inclined  
Against the bitter wind  
Before I dive, God's mercy in my claws.

\*to beat the wings impatiently and flutter away from the fist or perch

### WHOSE MURDEROUS SHADOW, THEN?

We stand in my oasis, Black and White,  
And tell our times of day.  
He, the dark one, strikes the jungle noon.  
A desert clock in the pale of his palm  
Is sand that will not wait my sifting glass.

I, the fair, the o so innocent,  
Hide bloody hands behind my back  
And say, I guess white time of day is dark,  
And unto our sons, except their skins, no light.  
What could I do? What have I done?  
And blood from my fingers falls on a stone.  
He smiles, a sickle moon on the face of night,  
And I regard his darkness, now so gathered up  
It leaves no smallest shade on the summer ground.  
Whose murderous shadow, then, butchers the grass?

### INDIAN GIVERS

The sea came to call on my mother and gave me my blood,  
But the Old Man left a warning: tell her, he said,  
Not to forget the flood.

The mountains called on my mother and gave me my bones.  
They shook themselves and rumbled of fiery stones,  
Of Etna and fiery stones.

The earth came to call on my mother and gave me my flesh.  
A troublesome thing, she said, not worth a wish,  
But I crowded at my pretty dress.

The heavens called on my mother and formed me a skull,  
Stuffed it with mist and with clouds from a nearby hill —  
Indian givers, all,

For they will be back:

The sea for my blood  
(Once I quite forgot the flood),  
The mountains for my bones  
(Twice I laughed at fiery stones),  
Earth for my flesh  
(Thrice I tore this crumpled dress),  
And heaven to crack my skull  
And claim its clouds, three bags full.

## Record Review

► OF ALL THE COMPOSERS in the standard concert repertoire over the last century, the works of Haydn have suffered most by neglect. A half dozen of his later symphonies, (out of a total of 104), a score of trios and quartets (out of a total of 144), and three or four concertos (his weakest department of composition) constitute the instrumental works from which he has been known, and judged, by at least four generations of listeners and commentators. And in the age of radio, in broadcasts of live and recorded performances, Haydn has never got above eighth place.

The Haydn that has emerged from this perfunctory appraisal affirms a mastery of instrumental glitter and rhythmic mosaic; a horizontal rather than a vertical ingenuity. He is above Boccherini but below Beethoven. "Papa Haydn" has assumed a critical meaning, to epitomize not the grand old man of music but a harmless, rather

senile old gentleman who was never young, who kept repeating variations on a form which he apparently held clutched in his hand when he emerged from the womb. To quote Aldous Huxley: "His right hand never lost its cunning, but it failed also to learn a new cunning. He continued as an old man to write the same sort of thing he had written twenty, thirty or forty years before."

During the last two or three decades, two developments have increasingly challenged this verdict. The first is the phenomenon of the recording industry, with its projects by competing companies to systematically exploit catalogues of composers' works known formerly only from manuscripts and to musicologists. Critical opinion is constantly revised as the elusive works of "name" composers, as well as of unknowns, become available for study.

Complementing this opportunity to readily hear a composer's work at various stages in his development, is the change in critical attitude resulting from the social revolutions of the past 40 years. Today even the most perceptive of critics is unwilling to commit himself concerning the concept of "progress" in art, as in society itself. And consequently the critic repeatedly searches back through the artist's relation to the society in which he flourished, as well as to his forerunners and followers.

This establishes at once what should be an obvious truism, that any artist has a tradition in form from which to select what he prefers, and to which he then applies his own skill and passion, on which he stamps his own personality. The form he selects may be rudimentary and immature, and his interest and bent become by necessity almost completely technical. Or the form may be technically flawless and completely symmetrical; and on immersion in his own emotional glow, he creates something uniquely his own.

Like Buxtehude, but even more so, Haydn is of course one of music's foremost examples of the first type; and Bach and Beethoven typify the second. But it should be noted further that whereas the artist in the first case chooses his forms from a variety which are present as incidentals to or mere suggestions in more fully developed works, the artist in the second case takes and transforms something which is already a mature masterpiece and without which his own talent would be left to dangle in uncertain experiments in technique or to beat the horizontal undergrowth of budding forms. (Purcell is perhaps music's outstanding example of a premature genius, who spent his brief life and precocious talent in attempts to create forms which "his transitional age failed to provide.")

If, then, Beethoven adopted the forms attained by Haydn, Haydn in turn owed the ground-work for his development to — whom? C. P. E. Bach? His brother Friederman? J. Stamitz? Gluck? The answer is, of course, to all these and more.

The point is that Haydn could just as well have taken aspects of other composers than those he chose, and developed masterpieces comparable to what he actually did. But without the fully developed quartet, symphony and solo sonata forms on which to draw, one wonders, where Beethoven is concerned; e.g., in his instrumental groupings other than those developed by Haydn, his efforts were comparative failures. The C Major quintet is the only one worth consideration, and, as one writer says, "it is not one-tenth as well written as Mozart's in the same key". In works for strings and wind instruments, only the septet comes near the standard of the quartets.

(That Haydn could learn even from his pupils is shown in the "London" symphonies of his old age, into which he wove features developed by Mozart in his symphonies,

after he in turn had absorbed the innovations of the earlier Haydn. One can hardly imagine the mature Beethoven admitting that *anyone*, let alone a pupil, had much to teach him).

This stresses the unique interest which Haydn's work arouses; in Tovey's words, "the quartets provide one of the most fascinating spectacles of development in the history of music". Two Angel releases\* of last fall show the variety of expression in the "Tost" set alone, the dozen quartets made up of Op. 54, 55 and 64, and Haydn's peak in the quartet form. Surely Op. 54, No. 2, must confound those who admire his technical mastery but insist on his emotional vacuity. The second movement of this work sweeps up and down in a surge of anguish, "a wild Hungarian lament". In the trio of the third movement minuet, dissonances built on the interval of the fourth instead of the then familiar third belie the alleged Haydn "orthodoxy" and provoke comparisons with the harmonies of modern composers. And the adagio of the finale, traditionally used as a short introduction to the presto, is here developed into the dominant theme of the movement, reducing the presto to a mere connecting contrast.

Till now the only LP version of this unusual work was on the Allegro label, an adequate performance but an inferior recording. On the Angel disc, the outstanding Amadeus Quartet performs both Op. 54, No. 2, and on the reverse side, No. 1, with clear enjoyment and appreciation of works originally written for the entertainment of the players and only incidentally of the listeners.

The other Angel release gives us the second last of the Tost set, Op. 64, No. 5, the most incomparably melodic of them all. The singing melody is carried by the first violin in this unique first movement, where the sequence of first and second subjects and their respective recapitulations is unlike any other of his works. The theme carried in the first four bars is repeated, in a new rhythm, at the start of the slow movement. The "perpetuo mobile" of the finale suddenly darts into an abbreviated fugue and back again without lessening tempo; and the ease with which these teasers are performed here by the Hungarian Quartet is astonishing.

The D Minor Quartet, on the reverse side, receives a slightly less polished performance although the work itself is from a nobler mould: the first movement has been called "the most superb feat of concentrated musical thought in the quartets". The second movement is perhaps by necessity something of an anti-climax, and is not improved by the rather stodgy performance given here. It also sounds as though the leader is flat on a few occasions in the first movement, most noticeably just preceding the double bar. Otherwise these are effective and most exhilarating performances.

H. C. FRANCIS.

### *Nile Valley*

See how from the printed pictured page  
the age-old river calls, the violet radiation  
reminiscent of Cleopatra's sails  
billowed by the pure winds from the great Sahara.

Remember the poisoned tombs of the pharaohs, the mummies of princes whose curse lasted thousands of years,  
whose disturbers breathed the subtle death  
into their lungs, and perished no less surely  
than Aida and Radames, choking for breath.

\*HAYDN: Quartets in G Major, Op. 54, No. 1, and in C Major,  
Op. 54, No. 2; the Amadeus Quartet. Angel 45024

HAYDN: Quartets in D Major, Op. 64, No. 3, and in D Minor,  
Op. 76, No. 2; the Hungarian Quartet. Angel 45018

Hear of the oases of peace, approached  
by the feet of caravan camels, with the sunset fire  
and then black velvet night to close the traveller in.

Have conned the Garden of Allah, the Dietrich veils  
and hair the color of the drifting yellow sand,  
and the freed slaves singing in a minor key.  
Remember with sadness the Sheik who died too soon,  
with the nomad life in him that could not stay,  
though the whole world grieved when his tomb was  
smothered with flowers.

And know that today even here there is no peace:  
read of the massed Egyptian troops on the frontiers,  
tense against invasion, the air electric with danger,  
with unrest, and foreboding real as a mummy's curse;  
of the young king and his gentle younger queen  
how different from the tragic ancestress of Actium,  
alike only in that neither could find peace.

*Irma Wassall.*

### **How Can I Believe?**

How can I believe in god  
when unlike peas in this one pod  
become alike beneath the sod?

How can I believe in god  
when man's belief and mental girth  
is just an accident of birth?

How can I believe in god  
when truth is untruth right is wrong  
according to the rich man's song?

How can I believe that god  
is one step/further than the grave  
when every living man's a slave?

When man eats man and dog eats dog  
how can I in this blinding fog  
believe that god does not eat god?

I see before one life to lead  
why should I second life concede  
to be the hidden unknown end  
when I into the dust descend?

*Thomas Telfer.*

### **"... As When Emotion Too Far Exceeds Its Cause"**

You probably could put their names to them.  
The birds, I mean.  
Though I have often watched their rushing  
about the upper air  
(deliberate as subway riders  
who are not anywhere near  
so orderly),  
I have never stopped to inquire the name  
of that one or another.  
Still, I did take time  
to observe them in their dips and circles  
and jet-propelled ascendancies.

Its all in the wings I am told.  
That could be said of angels.  
I grant it may be true;  
undoubtedly is  
since my informants know more  
than I. But,  
still, I wonder  
and harbor fear that we all are wrong  
to think that birds do fly.  
What if, one day, upon the ground with us  
we found them,  
their wings unable to lift them  
anywhere except into a deeper strata  
of despair.  
Would it all be a matter of wings?  
Does flight depend upon such feathered things?

Or is it air? I do not trust the stuff.  
Seeing the birds beating about in it,  
I want to say, "Take care; and  
don't believe in what it seems you do!"  
Sometimes I stray across a small one  
I should have said it to;  
one who for all his modern design  
to sweep and arch the atmosphere  
had plummeted, instead, to earth  
and worms that do not care about horizons.  
If I retreat,  
too shocked to cast the benediction  
of a single leaf,  
understand why:  
I know the error in invisible support;  
in love's celestial venturing  
I, too, once trusted air  
that plunged me down.  
Yes, I!

*G. C. Oden.*

### **The Stump**

The stump, going north, took a grip on itself,  
And twisting into gravel, braced at the beach head.  
Fifty years ago, the stump had not crossed the creek's bar,  
But stood, "dug down to China", upright, still  
Holding the roof-sky on its round flat top, where the saw  
had cut it.

The stump was in no hurry, going north.  
The roof-sky was not heavy at its head.  
Nor the salt of ocean familiar at its feet.  
Sweet as the forest, the creek had cradled the tree's  
Conefuls of seed; disposed neatly its needles;  
And caught its bulldozed body for swimming to the ocean.  
The stump did not like leaving Chester Creek,  
When log-jams, like battering rams, jolted.  
The stump was no fool. It had seen the upturned ones  
Tangling toe-tentacles in the sea-tangle air;  
And swamped ones, poking deadheads.  
Not for the vibrations of Nautilus, would the stump throw  
itself.  
Overboard, going north. It dug deeply into gravel.

*Thelma Reid Lower.*

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**THE CANADIAN FORUM**

## Books Reviewed

### Public Affairs

GLOBE AND HEMISPHERE: J. Fred Rippy; Saunders; pp. 276; \$7.95.

Several conclusions emerge from Professor Rippy's book:

- United States college professors are underpaid and overtaxed.

- The United States foreign aid program is a giant conspiracy of exporters, government bureaucrats, and "liberals" (almost always in quotation marks) to rob the U.S. taxpayers and consumers.

- The Latin Americans have received more than their share of U.S. aid and should be told so in no uncertain terms.

- United States armed intervention in half a dozen Latin American countries between 1900 and 1933 was for the purpose of establishing democracy in those countries, and since it failed in this objective, the citizens, press and government of the U.S. should no longer bother their heads about the problems of democracy and dictatorship in Latin America.

- The overthrow of a dictatorship will only result in chaos and/or another dictatorship, and assertions by Latin American political groups of adherence to democracy are merely smoke screens behind which the "outs" try to become "ins."

- The non-Communist world is drifting toward State Socialism, spurred on by the U.S. foreign aid program, and the principal objective of United States foreign policy should be to stop this drift.

Although the reviewer, himself a college professor, would wholeheartedly endorse the first of these conclusions, he would question the other five. Furthermore, Professor Rippy, with his long experience as an observer of and commentator on Latin American affairs, should know better.

In analyzing the problem of inter-American relations and the United States aid program in Latin America and elsewhere, Professor Rippy overlooks the most significant facts underlying these phenomena. Nowhere in his book is it pointed out that the United States has a national income equal to that of most of the rest of the world put together and certainly superior to that of the rest of the non-Communist world. Nowhere does he show any awareness of the dangers inherent in a situation in which one nation, representing 5% or less of the world's population is generally rich and prosperous and constantly getting more so, while most of the rest of the world is degradingly poor. Nor does he show any real understanding of the fact that, whether he or the United States citizenry as a whole like it or not, that part of the world which is poor is no longer content to remain so.

Professor Rippy's book is full of insinuations and innuendos. It would seem that he does not credit anyone with good faith. No one supports more aid to the Latin American countries or an increase in the aid program in general except for crass economic or political motives. In fact, no one takes any political position except for material motives—or perhaps, stupidity. Probably the most unfortunate use of this technique is Rippy's frequent references to Senator Denis Chavez's "relatives" in such a way as to indicate nepotism as the Senator's reason for interest in Latin American affairs.

Furthermore, the rest of the world, and the Latin Americans in particular, according to Dr. Rippy, feel that "the world owes them a living." The Latin Americans, Dr. Rippy is convinced, are "afraid of hard work." The absurdity of

this hardly needs to be stated. It is not fear of "work" but rather the handicap of four centuries of economic backwardness which the Latin Americans need to overcome.

Professor Rippy appears particularly and surprisingly ignorant of what has been going on in Latin America during recent decades. He seems unaware of the fundamental social changes going on in the area, and of the fact that the old habits of purely "personalist" politics which at many times in the past converted political activity into meaningless struggles between "ins" and "outs" is changing. He seems unaware that real political parties, representing more or less well defined groups, and with definite ideologies, are emerging and that Latin American civilians are getting tired of being pushed around by military autocrats.

This blind spot is particularly notable in Professor Rippy's discussion of Bolivia. In his chapter devoted to that country and his frequent references to it in other parts of the book, he shows no indication of awareness that Bolivia has since 1952 been undergoing a vast movement to reverse the four hundred year history of oppression of the Indians, and to integrate this group, which makes up three quarters of the population, into the economic, political and social life of the nation. This process is of infinitely more importance to Bolivia, the United States and the hemisphere as a whole than the alleged "failure" of the policy of expropriation of the tin mines, which Dr. Rippy discusses at such length.

He is even faulty on details. To prove the "Marxist" influence in Bolivian politics, he cites three party platforms, without mentioning that two of them are the program of the Stalinist and Trotskyite parties of the country. Nor does he note the fact that in spite of superficially Marxist wording in the platform of the M.N.R., the present government party in Bolivia, the M.N.R. government has been carrying out a policy designed not to create a Communist state in Bolivia, but rather to end a semi-feudal society and bring into existence a twentieth century mixed economy and a democratic political system. He also fails to give any figures, when discussing tin nationalization, on how much the mines have paid the expropriated companies since 1953.

Although Professor Rippy has brought together a large number of statistics on a considerable number of economic subjects dealing with Latin America which may be useful for reference purposes, this book is not recommended for anyone who really wants to get a picture of what is going on in Latin America. There is more to politics and life in general in Latin America than mere self-seeking, self pity and begging from Uncle Sam.

Robert J. Alexander.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN EGYPT IN THE DAYS OF RAMSESSES THE GREAT: Pierre Montet; translated from the French by A. R. Maxwell-Hyslop and Margaret S. Drower; Macmillan of Canada; pp. 365 xxvi, with 16 plates, 63 line-drawings and a map; \$6.75.

This is a translation of a popular and authoritative book which was originally published in 1946 under the title *La vie quotidienne en Egypte au temps des Ramsès*. The Ramesside period which it describes covers a little more than the 13th and 12th centuries B.C. The slight alteration in the title seems to indicate that the present publishers appreciate the market value of an illustrious name. More serious, and to be deplored in principle, is the fact that they have omitted any reference whatever to the original date of publication. During the twelve-year interval, however, nothing of comparable scope has been published and this book has not become outdated.

The unusual conditions of life in the Nile Valley and the strong traditions created by the achievements of the earliest

Egyptian kings established customs, institutions and beliefs that tended to endure, and since an overwhelming proportion of the surviving evidence for ancient Egyptian life comes from tombs and temples, and mostly from a relatively late period, it is not surprising that the conservative aspects of this life have been greatly exaggerated in the mind of the average person of to-day. Many important standard works drawing upon the rich evidence from the private tombs have merely strengthened an impression of changelessness by gathering together ancient scenes of daily life under separate subject-headings regardless of period. But during the past twelve years the dynamic nature of ancient Egyptian civilization has at least become widely accepted. Montet, who is a distinguished Egyptologist, was among the first to insist that Egyptian daily life could not be conceived as static, and hence to realize that in describing it one must focus on a single period. In doing so he has wonderfully combined the two chief sources of our knowledge of ancient Egyptian daily life, namely, the ancient pictures on the tomb walls and the ancient texts on papyrus. Writing with clarity and charm he draws upon an enormous reservoir of material both pictorial and textual, supplemented by actual objects and by the remains of buildings.

The Ramesside period is by no means the most glorious age of ancient Egyptian history. Indeed, even before the first great Ramesside kings, Sety I and Ramesses the Great, signs of the final political and social disintegration were already visible. This period was actually chosen because it has left a great wealth of evidence, pictorial, textual, architectural and archaeological, and because its people emerge clearly as participants in a wider international life. Montet had already written a book about daily life in the Pyramid Age, which ended more than a thousand years before the first of the Ramesside kings (*Scènes de la vie privée dans les tombeaux égyptiens de l'Ancien Empire*, 1925). This most truly creative period of Egyptian history "when Egypt was young, contained the visible beginnings of practically every great and original contribution which she made to civilization" (p. 7 of the book under review), but it has left no papyrus manuscripts nor living sites to supplement the scenes of daily life, the inscriptions on the tomb walls and more scanty clues of other kinds.

While insisting on the evolution of Egyptian life over the centuries and therefore limiting himself in the present book to a description of the Ramesside period Montet does include evidence from earlier and later periods. Thus he speaks of the earlier towns built in the reigns of Sesostris II (about 1800 B.C.) and Akhenaten (about 1360 B.C.), for comparable material has not survived from the Ramesside period. He mentions a herdsman's song of about 1800 B.C. and a cowherd of about 330 B.C. in the same breath; and he repeatedly quotes Herodotus, Diodorus and other classical writers. In every case, however, he has been careful to describe only those aspects which have been proved to be applicable to his chosen period.

For descriptive power and wealth of material the Egyptian tomb-pictures are unique among the records of ancient peoples. Although these pictures were related to beliefs concerning the dead they leave an extraordinarily clear and detailed record of daily life. A comparison of this book with the companion volume on *Everyday Life in Babylon and Assyria* (George Contenau, 1954) will show how much more can be learned from the pictures of the ancient Egyptians than from the equally marvelous art of the Assyrians and Babylonians, whose life and thought are more clearly revealed by imperishable written records on clay tablets. Since the far more perishable Egyptian manuscripts on papyrus are relatively scarce compared to the

record of the Egyptian wall-pictures, it is perhaps a pity that the original French edition of Montet's book is un-illustrated. The photographs and line-drawings published in the translation form a valuable addition, even if the wide range of period represented by them (many belong to the Pyramid Age) may not be in harmony with the author's stated aims (p. 8).

Equally welcome in the English edition are the intelligent revision of Montet's notes, in order to bring the latter up to date for English readers, and the addition of simple explanatory footnotes. The translators have also added a map, a chronological table, an index (quite inadequate) and a short glossary of Egyptological terms, and have substituted a short bibliography for English readers incorporating recent works. All the illustrations have been previously published. All but five of the sixty-three line-drawings reproduce the ancient wall-pictures, and seem to be printed from careful tracings made expressly for this book. The modern sources are given in the list of illustrations, with the exception of Plate XVI, a funeral scene from a papyrus in the British Museum, where the museum's name is omitted.

The translation is faithful, readable and complete and exactly follows the plan of the original in its twelve chapter divisions, which are: "Dwelling Places", "Time", "The Family", "Life at Home", "Country Life", "The Arts and Professions", "Travel", "The Pharaoh", "The Army and Warfare", "Scribes and Judges", "In the Temples", and "The Rites of Burial". These headings will in themselves suggest to the unfamiliar reader that gods and mummies were not the chief interests of the ancient Egyptians. The modern world as a whole has naturally a distorted impression of ancient Egyptian life, for objects connected with death and the dead have survived in an overwhelming proportion in the stone tombs on the edge of the desert, while the cities in the teeming valley have almost completely disappeared. This book, which draws almost entirely upon material from the tombs, is an excellent introduction to the living people. Gifted, pleasure-loving, fun-loving, hard-working, priest-ridden, bureaucracy-driven, they are vividly presented here to their fellow-humans of to-day.

*Winfred Needler*

FARMER CITIZEN: MY FIFTY YEARS IN THE  
CANADIAN FARMERS MOVEMENT: W. C. Good;  
Ryerson; pp. 294; \$5.00.

Historically Canada is still a very young nation and most of our institutions are relatively recent in origin. We are therefore very fortunate in that many of the individuals who played a prominent role in the establishment of these institutions are still among us. Their experience can be useful guides to future generations in the further growth of these institutions.

It is therefore desirable that the story of the individual contributions of these leaders should be recorded. Unfortunately our historians have not kept up with this task. Throughout our nation oldtimers are passing out of the picture leaving no written record of their contributions to the development of this nation. Admittedly a considerable portion of the story of the origin and growth of our institutions is available through the official records of each one of them. However, these official records only indicate the final outcome of each action. The stresses, strains, innuendo, and conflicts that entered into their formation and growth are not reflected in the actual official records. These can only be obtained through interviews with the people who were active at the time or from their own memoirs. This

record has been made available by Mr. W. C. Good in his recent book *Farmer Citizen*. By recording his thoughts and experiences of the last 50 years, Mr. Good added a great deal to the understanding of the growth and development of farm organizations in Canada. Present and future generations of workers in the farm movement will be most grateful to him for this contribution.

For 50 years Mr. Good devoted a great deal of his time, energy and talent to the promotion of the welfare of the farm people. He did this through work in the promotion and development of various farm organizations and their co-operatives. For 25 of those years he was president of the Cooperative Union of Canada and he is currently its honorary president. He gave up a promising professional career as a scientist in order to participate in the farm movement of his day. While his major efforts in the field of agricultural organizations and politics were spent in his work in Ontario his influence, especially in the cooperative movement and among farm organizations, was felt throughout the nation. Mr. Good remained a farmer throughout his lifetime, working close to the soil. In 1950 the *Farmers Advocate* said of him, "W. C. Good has packed into these 50 years more hard manual labor and solid intellectual effort than any other man of our acquaintance in Canada."

*Farmer Citizen* is largely an autobiography of the writer. It presents us with a portrait of the man and his attitudes as they relate to his urge to be of service to his fellowman. A religious man, devoted to ideals having regard for the welfare of man, he was prepared to be a non-conformist if those ideals could not be attained through regular channels. He was not content only with expressing his ideals, but was prepared to act when necessary without any thought of compensation for himself. Throughout his lifetime his services to farm organizations and to the cooperative movement were given without any request for or receipt of compensation. From his early years as a student at the University of Toronto, he was critical of the status quo especially as it existed under the developing capitalistic system. Although a great supporter of the democratic process, he was not satisfied with its operation in our parliamentary system. As a reformer he was interested in the welfare of all mankind, but as a farmer he was especially concerned with the specific problems of farmers. Thus we see him in the forefront, leading the fight against tariffs and inflation and for banking reform. As a progressive thinker in politics he urged "a system of direct legislation through the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall" in parliamentary organization. He of course continued to believe that human welfare will best be served through adoption of the co-operative method, both in principle and in practice.

In writing his autobiography, Mr. Good has included a considerable amount of historical data relative to the development of the farm organizations and cooperative movement in Canada. This aspect of his story, however, is secondary to his autobiography. In fact, the reader can only get mere glimpses of the development and growth of farm movements in reading this book. Obviously Mr. Good, during his lifetime, has known many important people both within and outside of the farm community. This is indicated in the very large number of names that are mentioned throughout the book. This is confusing to a reader who has not himself lived through this period or has not had the opportunity to familiarize himself with Canadian personalities. In fact, it sometimes even strikes one as simply a matter of name-dropping. This reader does not assign such a motive to Mr. Good, but would have been happier if a glossary identifying these personalities had been included.

As an autobiography of Mr. Good and especially as a

description of a personality that played an important role in the organization, growth and development of Canadian farm movements, this book is an excellent contribution to our literature. As a history of the organizations themselves, however, a great deal has been left out. One can suggest many valid reasons for such an omission. It is to be hoped however that he will take the opportunity to write the history of some of the organizations in which he participated. With his knowledge of the events and personalities involved, such a history would be most interesting. For what he has done in *Farmer Citizen* we are all very grateful. To his further contributions to this story we will look forward with a great deal of anticipation.

Sol. Sinclair.

#### MISTRESS TO AN AGE, A LIFE OF MADAME DE STAËL: J. Christopher Herold; pp. 500; \$6.75.

Madame de Staël has recently again come into the lime-light, on both sides of the Atlantic and simultaneously: in France as the dramatic protagonist of André Lang's *Une Vie d'Orages* and in America as that of J. Christopher Herold's *Mistress to an Age*. Though written independently, these books have so much in common that to read either is to reach the same conclusion: Madame de Staël is still very much alive.

Mr. Herold's first page starts things off with a bang as he describes Madame de Staël's parents "confidently awaiting the Day of Judgment lying side by side in a basin filled with alcohol". Equally startling throw-backs follow, as when we meet Madame de Staël's father (not yet dead) in daily tête-à-têtes with his pickled wife". As for the complete life, loves and works of the heroine, they are presented with such surprising vividness that the whole book has the speed and sparkle of a Catherine wheel, though not, happily, its evanescence.

Whereas Madame de Staël is persistently thought of as novelist and literary critic, Mr. Herold convincingly contends that she is primarily political thinker, moralist and philosopher of history. For her, all literature, fictional, philosophical, historical, is not an art but a means of civilization. A writer's duty, as she sees it, is, on the one hand, to free mankind from ignorance, superstition, brutality and injustice, and, on the other, to develop man's "innate sense of virtue by the cultivation of reason and sensibility, of enthusiasm and the generous passions". All of this she attempted to do, in her books and in her public life. Her critical and fictional writings sought to develop, from a synthesis of the former century's movements of reason and feeling, a new program of informed enthusiasm. Her public life was an attempt to live up to that program by steadfastly resisting Napoleon and all that he stood for. Her private life was another matter. Mr. Herold, whose admiration for his heroine does not blind him to her failings, makes the facts clear by the judicious use of much hitherto unpublished documentary evidence. Some readers will prefer his treatment of the public, some that of the private, "Germaine", as Madame de Staël is called throughout the book; all will agree that this portrait of the mistress of an age — and of an ageing mistress — is masterly and compelling.

There are a few minor blemishes. Mr. Herold finds the sight of Madame de Staël taking lessons on the mouth-organ en route to see Goethe and Schiller "inexpressibly endearing". Was it indeed a mouth-organ (Fr. *harmonica à bouche*)? Or a glasspiel (Fr. *harmonica*) then at the height of popularity, especially in Germany where everybody played it and where Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Naumann and Hasse composed for it? Curious, too, that the Château de Coppet, not a château except in name and

actually a large *manoir* (as this book's illustrations show) should be referred to as a "castle"! The portrait of Madame de Staél as Corinne is not by Vigée-Lebrun. Also this biography in English about a woman who used French might well have contained a few phrases of her language. Conversely, it could have dispensed with certain anachronistic colloquialisms which stick out like sore thumbs: Germaine, who has a "hair-do", supplies "afternoon snacks," finds a home for her "caboodle", is alluded to by a contemporary as "hefty" and herself calls her husband "presumptuous".

The last sentence of the volume is anything but colloquial: "In a world where conciliation becomes increasingly difficult because of a fanaticism which is blind to the rational area of agreement and mesmerized by the opposition of principles, in a world where enthusiasm is usurped by fanaticism and where it has been lost by reason, Madame de Staél's passionate defense of moderation has only gained in relevance". Perhaps so. But despite Madame de Staél's (and Mr. Herold's) enthusiasm, this reader, for one, laid down the book with even stronger impressions. Of a woman, who, when bored, sat in her room "cramming herself with opium", a woman of whom her one true lover could say "Germaine is a serpent and her vanity is ferocious", a woman of whom Mr. Herold states "Amidst the most tempestuous passions of her soul there never ceased to be a pool of calmness in which she conducted her business transactions", in short, a woman who, whatever else she was mistress of, was certainly not mistress of herself.

*Robert Finch.*

#### THE POLITICAL SYSTEM OF NAPOLEON III: Theodore Zeldin; Macmillan; pp. 187; \$4.75.

Under a somewhat misleading title, Theodore Zeldin studies the formation and evolution of a Bonapartiste party after the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851. Little is said of the Emperor's own political conceptions and of the means which he and his ministers used to govern France from 1852 to 1870. But the author, who has consulted the private papers of some of the leading politicians of the time, such as Rouher, Ollivier, Persigny, Billault, Buffet and Thiers among others, and who has searched public archives for the correspondence between local officials, prefects and the Minister of the Interior, makes a valuable contribution to the study of elections under the Second Empire.

After his *coup d'état* Louis-Napoléon had the support of the masses; he could afford universal suffrage. But he had to form a new ruling class. He had not been brought to power by a political party. Such a party remained to be made. The systems of 'official candidacies' was used for the selection of a new political elite. The recruiting of 'government' candidates was entrusted to Persigny, the Minister of the Interior, who in turn relied on the prefects. The latter, together with the mayors, became, as it were, the bosses of the new party, the Minister of the Interior acting as national organizer.

The prefects chose the 'official' candidates not so much with a view of sending to Paris men who had in the past shown sympathies for the Bonapartes and hostility to the monarchy or the republic, but mainly with a view of replacing the former local elites by new ones. When no "pure" bonapartist candidate was available or when such a man would have had little chance of success at the polls, the prefects backed Orleanists, Legitimists or preferably new men who had not yet been actively associated with politics. The Empire was on the whole successful in its attempts at pushing aside the old *notables* and at pro-

moting new ones who, at least in the first decade of the reign of Napoleon III, depended on the administration for their elections or re-elections. The prefects became the center of social and political life in the provinces. But in the large cities the government was less successful. The smaller proportion of government officials and the hostility of a few important newspapers explain largely this lack of success.

Mr. Zeldin makes the point that the seeds of liberalism were in the Empire from the very start. The Bonapartist M.P.'s, selected by the prefects, were men of wealth who in many cases had shared in the experiment of parliamentary government under the monarchy of July, or if they had not yet had any parliamentary experience were eager to take an active role in the government of the nation. Napoleon III, who had made up his mind, so it seems, that history was flowing in the sense of greater participation of the governed in the government, did not oppose the pressure for the liberalization of the Empire's political system. In passing judgment on the Empire, the author agrees with E. Ollivier who thought that France had little to gain in seeking greater freedom by revolutionary means, but all to gain in a gradual and disciplined introduction of liberalism and democracy.

The numerous quotations made by the author from the correspondence of government officials provide lively illustrations. For example this exchange of telegrams between a prefect and a sub prefect in 1869: the sub prefect suggests that the title "candidate of the government" would sound better than "official candidate"; the prefect telegraphs back "say Conservative candidate" and on second thought sends another telegram "Liberal Conservative candidate". Also this report of a Justice of the Peace to the prefect in 1863. "The Commune of Beaumont will remain unanimous. This commune has just voted for the levying of an extraordinary rate to raise 500 francs to mend its church. The cost of the work is 800 francs. It awaits a subsidy of the remaining 300 francs from you."

One may regret that the author has not devoted more attention to the prefects and mayors, whose role he describes as so important. We do not know, for example, how they were selected and what their backgrounds were. But notwithstanding such shortcomings, Mr. Zeldin's study is of interest not only to the student of the Second Empire but also to the student of political parties and election processes.

*J. A. Laponce.*

#### THE AMERICANS: THE COLONIAL EXPERIENCE: Daniel J. Boorstin; Random House, pp. vii. 434; \$7.50.

This book is the first of about three which the author apparently intends to write on the historical development of the American people, and is concerned with the century and a half before the Revolution. It is not history in the narrative sense or in the text-book sense. It is a highly selective, highly interpretative view of the colonial period, an attempt to isolate and emphasize the essential features of the American character as they were revealed in these years. The book has a thesis which is pressed unsparingly from the first page to the last.

The thesis is that there was something in the environment, something in the very air, of the New World, that turned Europeans into Americans almost from the moment they got off the boat. They began to be practical, pragmatic, flexible, open to necessary compromises; they ceased to be doctrinaire, dogmatic, or much interested in fine-spun theories. They concerned themselves with what would

work, and discarded those aspects of their European heritage which were not usable in America. About the only group which failed to make this adjustment—which kept its theories intact — were the Quakers, and, inevitably, they failed to flourish in America.

This thesis, which is only barely suggested in the above summary, is worked out with a wealth of scholarship and in a most readable fashion. Penetrating comments are made on scientific trends and on the evolution of the professions, especially that of law. The roots of isolationism and of the anti-literary cast of the American mind are effectively analyzed. The book concludes with a superb evaluation of the literature of colonial history.

For a reader already well versed in early American history this would be a suggestive and rewarding volume, but for an inexperienced reader it could be misleading. It is almost totally lacking in political and constitutional content, and makes no real attempt to explain mercantilism and its effect upon the colonies. The internal sectional conflicts, which produced so much tension and so many conflicts, are barely mentioned. The list of subjects not discussed could be lengthened to show that the book deals with only *some* aspects of the colonial experience. In short, the author has selected one particular facet of the American character, and excluded all others. A balanced picture of the colonial period does not emerge from so narrow an approach, although some lines in the portrait are drawn with striking effectiveness.

G. M. Craig.

**THE SIDE DOOR:** Twenty-six Years in My Book Room:  
Dora Hood; Ryerson Press; pp. 238; \$4.95.

When *Chronicles of Barabbas*, by publisher George H. Doran, appeared in 1935, H. L. Mencken said of it that Doran wrote better than most of the authors he published. Of *The Side Door* one can surely say that Dora Hood's book is as readable as most of the works that passed through her antiquarian Book Room.

This is a story of high adventure—at least for the author. A widow with limited capital, without any business training, with no knowledge of book marketing, she ventured into that branch of the book business where there were no established prices to guide one, where one practically guesses at how much to pay for a book, how much to ask for it; yet handicapped as all this would appear to leave a beginner, Dora Hood applied herself to making a success of her business and became, something obvious from her pages, an authority on Canadians. One could suspect that many of the "hard-to-come-by" books she located for others, first found their way to her reading table, for she seems uncommonly well informed of their contents. That more professionally-trained book dealers are as curious about the volumes they handle could be doubted.

In any case we have in *The Side Door* the story of an amateur who made good, and not alone as a bookseller but as an author. Go with her to a book auction where they have liveried attendants, to the spacious libraries of the affluent that are to be dismantled, or into dusty, musty basements where a surprising number of literary treasures are found, and as she unfolds the vicissitudes of her experience you feel you are at her elbow.

Then meet her patrons: the fellowship of those who love books. One might think of them as a queer lot, with their varied interests and enthusiasms, even their idiosyncrasies —there was one who believed the earth was flat. But can those who have a passion for books ever be uninteresting? The revealing biographical notes in this story give an em-

phatic negative to that query. Here is a book that all book lovers should find vastly entertaining.

Attractively printed and carefully proofread, only one serious slip was noticed. The late W. P. Whitton, a noted book collector of Hamilton, is shown here as Whitton.

It was a Vancouver friend who brought *The Side Door* to this reviewer's attention, and he had a couple of pertinent comments to make. Writing of L. V. Kelly's *The Range Men, the Story of the Ranchers and Indians of Alberta*, Mrs. Hood states: "This is by far the most authentic book on cattle ranging . . . there is no other on either side of the border to compare with it," she then adds "although the book is not really old there is nothing known of the author. There is a rumor that the book was printed at the request of Kelly but by the time it was ready the author had disappeared."

My friend writes: "Kelly was a neighbor of mine for a time. He came to Vancouver from the prairies and was for many years marine editor and feature writer for the *Province*. He died fairly recently."

"A ridiculous title," was what Mrs. Hood wrote of *A Motor Scamper Across Canada*, but she failed to give the author's name. Percy Gomery, a retired banker, wrote the book. He now lives in Vancouver. And the name of the author of *The History of Salmon Arm, B.C.*, is missing, although Mrs. Hood visited the village and met the author, a bookkeeper.

Stewart Cowan.

**CHILD OF OUR TIME:** Michel del Castillo; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 281; \$4.50.

This semi-autobiographical story of a "child of our time" is one of the most moving of the many accounts of Europe's travail during the past quarter century. Michel del Castillo, who was born in Madrid in 1933, three years before the Spanish War began, spent his boyhood in concentration camps, first in France and then in Germany, and finally in a Spanish reform school from which he escaped in 1949. From the stuff of his own life he has woven this heart-breaking account of what it was like to be an innocent victim of the Hitlerian holocaust.

The book describes the life of Tanguy, child of a Spanish mother and a French father. His early years were spent in war-torn Madrid, and with Franco's victory he and his mother had to flee to France. When World War II broke out, they were sent to a concentration camp for political refugees. His mother fell ill, and then seized a chance to escape to England. She was forced to leave Tanguy behind to join her later, but before he could escape he was rounded up in a Nazi raid and sent to a German concentration camp. There he faced inhuman conditions of cold, hunger, brutality, and work much too heavy for his childish strength, but he managed to survive through the friendship of a young German who refused to allow him to quit. In the end his friend was executed a few weeks before the end of the war liberated the prisoners. When he regained his strength, Tanguy headed for Spain to seek news of his mother. The peace he yearned for so long proved little better than the war for he soon found himself in an orphanage where the treatment was almost as harsh as in the Nazi camp. Finally he escaped and found refuge in a Jesuit school where at last he was treated kindly and given a chance to study. But still he felt insecure and yearned for his parents. When he went to Paris he met his father who tried to be kind but was quite unable to understand the boy. And his mother, whom he meets again after thirteen years, has been destroyed by hate. As the book ends, Tanguy is alone

again, facing the future without illusion but without despair.

The story is simply and poignantly told, and has not only the unmistakeable ring of truth but an insight into human reactions that seems unbelievable in so young an author. The actual happenings in the concentration camps are no more brutal than those described in many an adult account, but they take on an added horror when seen through the eyes of a child. The wonder is not that so many died but that they survived. Even more miraculous is this proof that some not only survived physically but through the unimaginable horrors managed to keep alive the spark of human personality. It is a testament to the power of the human spirit to endure.

*Edith Fowke.*

MUCH ELSE IN ITALY: Martin Boyd; Macmillan; pp. 184; \$3.50.

This is a rather odd book. You have to imagine Marius the Epicurean involved in a polemical dispute with Kingsley Martin, the editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*, or a dignified pilgrimage through Italy which is often disrupted by disorderly bugbears. Though there are excellent passages of urbane art appreciation in the book, the author does not bring the Italian people, their institutions, or their way of life into focus.

The author wandered about Italy with an imaginary Irish boy who resembles Shaw's Black Girl in search of God. Unfortunately, the Irish boy, through whom the author delivers his opinions about God and man, manages to be a bore. Their journeys take them from Paestum and Amalfi to Rome, Umbria and Tuscany, and they end their search at Santa Margherita Ligure.

In this book Italy plays its classical part as the land of art and of nature not yet tainted by Puritanism. The Irish boy is upset at times by Catholic ritualism. For instance, he does not appreciate the cult of dead bodies in the churches. But in the end he is won over to the author's point of view about religion and decides that "if you could get through the Roman Catholic icing, which we admitted was too much for ourselves, you could be certain of the good food at the centre." The negative conclusions of the author and his Irish boy are more various and fierce. Their bugbears are war, the Old Testament, Picasso, the present Church of England, the *New Statesman and Nation*, and St. Paul's in Rome. This church, which is admittedly garish, is a fitting shrine for "any Protestant saint." The Church of England suffers not only from St. Paul's influence but also from extreme warlikeness: "We have heard an Anglican bishop saying: 'When God planned the Incarnation he was like General Montgomery planning D-Day.'" And wherever they go, the author and his Irish travelling companion are haunted by a hairy-legged man who expresses puritanical and atheistic views and reads a well-known English left-wing weekly.

Our author is at his best when he forgets St. Paul's, the Bishops and the hairy-legged man and conducts us through the churches of Italy, meditating on their splendours in the grand manner of an old-fashioned dilettante. Many of his opinions about the Italian outlook on life are intelligent and even sensitive, while his religious reflections, if disjointed, are interesting. But the Italy he presents seems idealized. I believe that those Italians whom one meets in the streets are not really concerned about the doctrine of the Assumption or about Michelangelo. They are thinking of the next instalment due on their cars and TV sets. They are angry at social injustice and economic

inequality. They are looking for girls. Indeed, they are just as modern and materialistic as we Americans and Canadians are.

*Gabriel Gersh.*

THE SEA STORY: Frank Knight; Macmillan of Canada; pp. 219 including appendices; \$4.00.

Frank Knight has attempted in the short space of two hundred and thirteen pages to accomplish two objectives either of which might seem to have demanded a larger volume on its own. His first purpose is to encourage the reader of his book to go on to further reading of nautical subjects. In this his book should be most successful. Anyone, even slightly interested in the sea, surely will be tempted after reading Frank Knight's brief accounts of voyages of discovery and adventure to delve more deeply into many of them. Each account or chapter is tantalizingly brief serving only to whet the appetite for more, and the bibliography at the end of each account provides the means. Frank Knight's second purpose is to provide an historical sketch covering all the significant maritime developments from earliest times until the end of the sailing ship era. His success in this is not so apparent as in the accomplishment of his first objective. The developments in the ancient and medieval world in the Mediterranean and Atlantic areas are covered adequately but only very brief mention is made of the far eastern scene. About seventy pages are devoted to the maritime history of Great Britain in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries, yet little or no space is devoted to the navies of other European nations during this period. Anyone interested in sailing or the sea will enjoy reading this book in spite of its shortcomings as a history, and will find the extensive lists for suggested reading a worthwhile feature.

*G. R. Love*

### Letters

A CAGE OF SPINES: May Swenson; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 96; \$3.50.

THIRD DAY LUCKY: Robin Skelton; Oxford University Press; pp. 71; \$2.50.

Miss Swenson is a less gaudy Marianne Moore; her poems expose words and things at special angles:

His hand on the saw  
ed off should  
er of a tree  
Companions he and the cross  
grained bark

This, in this amount, is just tolerable and even suggests possibilities of a bewitching double vision. But typographical innovation, to which Miss Swenson is addicted, becomes tedious. Fortunately, however, her zig-zag, chocolate-block, echelon and exploded patterns are balanced by poems set out conventionally. And some of these poems are outstandingly vivid:

Look at the standing gull, his pincer'd beak  
yellow as this pencil, a scarlet streak beneath the tip,  
the puff of his chest bowl-round and white,  
his cuff-button eye of ice and jet  
fixed on the slicing waves; shingle-snug, his gray wing  
tucked to his side; aloft, that plumpness,  
whittled flat, sits like a kite.

Miss Swenson shows her best qualities in that: she is fastidious in manipulating things seen; she brings previously irrelevant knowledge as a catalyst to a new vision; hers is a poetry of hoarding, compiled by a squirrel of exquisite sensibility:

Long, glossy caterpillar  
with softest feet  
of audible and inaudible vowels;  
dewberry head so black  
it's silver;  
nippered lip, and fluent rump

This is to rediscover, to become (in the religious sense) 'present' to the objects around us. It is almost as if Disney's *The Living Desert* and his exquisite film about pollination had been done according to Santayana's dictum that contemplation is a mode of love; we re-create the object we contemplate. Understandably, then, Miss Swenson's best poems are reverential and elegant exhibitions. Her worst are of two kinds, both attributable to her passion for close scrutiny. Sometimes she fails to get the object in focus:

Of the tree a cage of gilded spines  
to palace his scarlet, cathedral his cry,  
and a ripple from his beak I sew,  
a banner bearing seven studs,  
this scarf to be the morning that received his stain.

Although this comes from a poem called 'The Red Bird Tapestry', there are too many impressions woven; we are besieged and discomfited. The mind's eye, slow as any ordinary eye, cannot match her speed of focusing. Sometimes, it seems, failing to find instantly the extraordinary in the ordinary, she enamels reality with any hue to hand. Until a thing has been found extravagant, or made so, she cannot see it. This is the venial vice of the intense and imaginative person who wants life to be constantly marvelous. But, unhappily, not all grains of sand hold an infinity of wonder; and even Miss Swenson's power of metamorphosis fails: the humdrum emerges as the banal. Oddly enough, the following comes from a poem titled 'Waiting For It'; a long wait.

My cat jumps to the window  
and sits there still as a jug.  
He's waiting for me, but I cannot be  
coming, for I am in the room.

This is not put into the poem for its value as a specimen of the jejune, contrasting with illustrious vernacular. It seems to have been faggoted as it fell; and Miss Swenson seems satisfied. One should perhaps be thankful that she didn't dislocate its typography in her search for the specious rather than the special. She might have devised something like this:

My cat jum  
ps to the wind  
ow sill a nd  
there sits still  
as  
a  
jug.

This is no pretext for my own frivolity. Can the poet freely combine and separate words and ideas in the same way as, say, Chagall does in paint? Not very often, for there is a grammar of words; expressionism with them is almost impossible. Occasionally, as in the poems of Cummings and Carlos Williams, a mauled typography gives the effect of a dimension added. But in general, for poets as meticulous and emblem-seeking as Miss Swenson, the trick with typography becomes a fatuous gimmick — and one especially tempting to poets of the 'riddling' style.

Miss Swenson (as all the right people seem to have said, if we look at the dust-jacket) is a very gifted poet. It is

enough that in over half the poems in this, her second collection (*Another Animal* appeared in 1954), she shows the over-familiar as unusual. One poem, 'Working in Wall Street', is up to Hart Crane's best, and another (about a lion and a tiger caged together) combines the lavish and the mordant in perfect congruity. She suggests Wallace Stevens and Gautier—indeed, many of her poems (especially 'Parade of Painters') are enamelled cameos. She tends at present to force a varying world into uniform intensity. When she has learned to show the prosaic without being disaffected or rebellious, and the intense without overcrowding, she will be a rare poet. Even now, she is a startling precian.

Mr. Skelton's poetry is academic in the line from Arnold and Binyon. He maintains standards of lucidity, temperateness and poise; but he gives nothing astonishing nor arresting. Too many of his poems have the desiccated metaphysical style of the English 'Movement'. His images are unexceptional and unexceptionable, his themes too often bookish and his rhythms unexciting. Yet there are a few poems that suggest here, not a lack of talent, but a premature collection: these few are delicious and steady—a view of St. Ives; a poem about melting lead soldiers down to make a fishing weight; and one very moving elegy, 'For My Godmother':

No wired flowers are patterned to the stillness  
we would wish her now, or to the laughter  
she will ring round hides and seeks of doom.  
Lying like every old age in her room,  
she was afraid, alone, who had been young  
seventy summers through . . .

To compare this with the unredeemed image in the following is to exemplify Mr. Skelton's uneven quality:

The hill field across  
lies shored up at the sky,  
and the sky leans back  
haphazardly pinned with stars  
to shut the great wind out.

The longest poem in the book, "The Descent of Light," has all the etiolated haze of translated Rilke. It is diffuse, tame and facilely religious. Mr. Skelton is capable of immediacy and has an eye for color. But until he has stripped his poetry of trite images, his gift will continue to lose the battle with his intellectuality, as it does in this volume. *Third Day Lucky* is his third collection in four years; and disappointingly stale most of it is. Mr. Skelton is a member of no 'Movement'. But, unluckily for him and his independence, *Third Day Lucky* is exactly representative of the pale logographs too often presented as poetry in England today.

*Paul West.*

**THE QUALITY OF HALVES:** Marya Fiamengo; Klanak Press, Vancouver; pp. 41; \$1.50.

This small volume, designed and printed by Takao Tanabe, is the first offering of Klanak Press, Vancouver, whose editor is William McConnell. As hardly required saying, "Neither the Publisher nor the Author has embarked upon this project as a commercial venture"; any profit is to go into more publications.

*The Quality of Halves* is very attractively produced and allows a generous amount of space for each of the fifteen poems. Cover and title-page decoration are simple and striking; the general impression is of an unaffectedly good-looking book, which has the additional virtues of opening

easily and being quite strong. One's admiration, however, may be lessened by the discovery of four mis-spelled words, one of them repeated, suggesting that the manuscript was not editorially checked before the printer got it. Surely any press, however informal or self-effacing in its relation with its authors, owes them this safeguard.

This is the first collection of Miss Fiamengo's work. A group of seven poems came out in Raymond Souster's now scarce *Poets 56* (five of which, not three, are in the book), and others have been published in *The Fiddlehead* and read on CBC "Anthology". Her very pleasing lyrical flow is most effective when given space and time enough to draw the reader in; hence the value of a collection, and hence also the unfairness of the impression given by brief quotations. Her texture is seductively rich, but not dense; it will support relaxed attention but not too much analysis. Connections are incantatory rather than logical or grammatical. The world of her poetry is strangely fluid, many of its events occurring on the borders of sight or sound, to become elusive as you turn in their direction. She can strike out a sharp image — "these faces sharing the pleasures of music,/turning in the dark like sunflowers to a sun of sound"—but few of them are so static. Many shift disconcertingly, like identities in Wonderland. "At the Lake", whose central antithesis resembles that of P.K. Page's "Stories of Snow", contains these lines: "No, the heart/which sees the winter which it dreams/glint in the eye of a bird/flutters and falls apart,/dissolved in longing for/that sere deciduous shore/whose trees shed leaves like/feathers molting from the owls of desire." There are many birds in Miss Fiamengo's poems, and I can never grab twice at the same one. The images conveyed in her often lovely phrases are not really visual, and her rhythms do not seem to be for the ear. She is the poet of a dream world of fluid form and melting outline. However, inconsistencies and transitions that irritate or baffle in single poems are more acceptable within the larger compass of the book. The haunting insubstantiality of her work is a part of its charm.

The book has sold remarkably well in Vancouver, and deserves to do so elsewhere; it is on all counts worth its price.

J. M.

**PORTRAIT OF A MAN UNKNOWN:** Nathalie Sarraute; Preface by Jean-Paul Sartre, translated by Maria Jolas; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 228; \$4.00.

This is—as even Sartre admits in his preface—a very difficult book, but its originality of conception and the brilliance of the writing make an attempt to grapple with it rewarding. It has been called the first successful existentialist novel, and certainly the influence of Sartre and his school is obvious on every page, particularly in the strange and almost repulsive imagery used to suggest the interplay of subconscious psychic tensions between individuals ("something intangible emanates from them, a tenuous clinging thread, delicate little suckers like those that stretch, trembling, on the end of the hairs that line carnivorous plants; or else a sticky juice like the silk secreted by silk-worms; something indefinable and mysterious, that adheres to the other person's face and pulls it or else spreads over it like a gluey coating, under which it petrifies"). Readers of *L'Etre et le Néant* or *La Nausée* will at once recognize the vocabulary. Yet this novel is far superior, as a work of art, to any of Sartre's fiction. Its curiously groping and tentative manner of presentation rather approximates the style of Camus in *L'Etranger* or *La Chute*. But the great master from whom Mme. Sarraute has learned her art is surely Dostoevsky; never since *Memoirs from Underground* or *The*

*Idiot* have we seen mutual psychological torture portrayed so subtly or so mercilessly.

In form the novel might be described as a psychological detective story. The narrator spies on a couple—an old man and his daughter—in the hope of discovering the real nature of the relationship between them; for, like all human beings—according to the existentialist psychology—they wear "masks" and only by penetrating to what lies behind these masks can the reality of existence be ascertained. (How the sleuth gains some of his observation posts is an unrevealed secret.) How hyper-sensitive people react when they sense that someone is trying to "pluck out the heart of their mystery" has never been more delicately or more accurately portrayed than in these pages. But just what the detective discovers is so evasively hinted at that the conclusion will hardly satisfy full-blooded readers of "whodunits."

What has just been said might seem to suggest an arid abstractness in the book at variance with our conception of a novel. This would do injustice to the many vivid glimpses we get of the two main characters, particularly the violent quarrel between them which is overwhelming in its dramatic power, so well contrasted with the minuet of evasion that has preceded it. It would also overlook the many passages of racy dialogue and monologue and the satiric pungency of the bromidic remarks put in the mouths of those who solve all problems like that of the old man and his daughter by escaping from the "authentic" into the "commonplace," the "cliché." These are the people the novelist calls "they," who say, for example, when they hear the old man refuses to give his daughter money: "He ought to be ashamed of himself; and she's all he's got in the world . . . Well, he can't take it with him, that's certain."

Yet this book does raise serious problems about the future of the novel, if the existentialist psychology prevails. The novel has always rested on the firm foundations of definite characters or personalities that retained their identity from start to finish. What happens when "characters" have to be tracked down by detectives who in the end seem to find nothing substantial under the "masks"? Sartre in his preface suggests that books like this might be called "anti-novels." "These anti-novels maintain the appearance and outlines of the ordinary novel . . . but their aim is to make use of the novel in order to challenge the novel . . . to create a type of fiction that will compare with the great compositions of Dostoevsky and Meredith much as Miro's canvas 'The Assassination of Painting' compares with the paintings of Rembrandt and Rubens." But he adds more reassuringly: "These curious and hard-to-classify works do not indicate weakness of the novel as a genre; all they show is that we live in a period of reflection and that the novel is reflecting on its own problems."

A. F. B. Clark

**THE PATTERN SET:** Gilean Douglas; from the author, Whaletown, B.C.; pp. 20; no price shown.

**LOONSHADOW:** Irma Wassall; Experiment Press; pp. 48; \$2.00.

Each of these two collections of verse has a lengthy list of acknowledgments of previous publication at its beginning, varying (in both cases) from the New York Times and poetry magazines to such journals as the Household Magazine and the Country Guide.

Gilean Douglas' *The Pattern Set* (the title is apt indeed) consists of 39 sonnets of surprising triteness — surprising when one considers the freshness and vigour that have been shown in some of the writer's other work — for instance, the poem *Now is this Night* in the B.C. Centennial Anthology. There are some pleasant lines in the sonnets but they do not rise far above the banality of the first

lines of *The Idealist* — "He had not known that life could be so hard/or that the world was such a lonely place".

Irma Wassall's poems are in the main straightforward descriptions. She writes of "the road, a soiled red ribbon edged with gold" "the stallions of the sea rear high in terror"; an "idea" is sometimes tacked a little awkwardly on to the end. The best of these poems have a felt quality that conveys a genuine atmosphere of place and mood to the reader.

Anne Marriott.

**PLAYS. VOLS. I AND II:** Eugene Ionesco; translated by Donald Watson; Ambassador Books; pp. 356 (numbered continuously through the two volumes); each volume \$4.00.

This collection of surrealist plays ought to interest those who want to keep abreast of the French *avant-garde* theatre. According to the publisher's blurb, "Ionesco has acquired a world-wide reputation" within the past decade. Surrealism is nothing new in poetry or in painting; it has even appeared on the stage (for example in parts of Claudel's work). But this odd combination of it with realism is Ionesco's unique contribution. These plays usually start in a quite matter-of-fact way with everyday people in ordinary domestic settings, but presently the action and the dialogue drift into more and more outrageous illogicality. (Chagall is an analogue in painting.) The author is particularly fond of Joycean distortions of language; how far the translator has succeeded in finding English equivalents here for the French linguistic feats, this reviewer, who has not seen the original, cannot say, but the results are ingenious in themselves ("Yes! a shameless libellous lie! A liebelei!"). But it is his distortion of material things that must create nightmares for the stage-director and the property-man (mushrooms sprouting out of the floor in drawing-rooms and dead men growing to gigantic proportions in ante-rooms where their murders hid them fifteen years ago). In *The Chairs* the stage fills with a multitude of chairs to seat a full house of invisible spectators. In *The New Tenant* an apartment is piled with furniture up to the ceiling until the owner of it is hidden in the midst of it. There is an undeniable theatrical effectiveness and often a hilarious humor in this contrast of the familiar and the weirdly absurd, but there is too much of a muchness about it all—except, no doubt for dedicated fans — and amateur dramatic societies who may be tempted to produce any of these plays had better ask permission to make cuts.

A. F. B. Clark.

**SHORT STORY ONE:** Richard Yates, Gina Berriault, B. L. Barrett, Seymour Epstein; Saunders; pp. 304; \$4.95.

Three of the four serious and talented writers of short stories here represented seem to inhabit some dreary hinterland of the spirit where light and air are scarce and indirect. At least their view of the contemporary American scene is a pretty dark one, and a great many of their characters seem to be succumbing to the all pervading spiritual smog.

Yates and Barrett are almost without compassion and only Epstein rounds out his characters with a touch of humour and gives them a lighter tone. His insight is not as deep and as distressing as that of B. L. Barrett who has perfected a finely condensed style as witness her story "Familial Regard", and who possesses a real understanding of the subtler forms of corruption. If there is a nastier character in print than the heroine of her "Victim of a Lust" I wonder where? The lady of this story, a wartime

student at a west coast university, makes Catullus's Clodia seem as sweet as Anne of Green Gables.

To come back to Mr. Epstein. His "Playgrounds, Parties and The Primordiae Molecule" is a clever and amusing account of a self-consciously erudite young father caught between his dutiful concern to listen to his babbling two year old and his own inner monologue full of banal profundities. This story has appeared in *Esquire*. Of the six examples of this writer's work, "Chateaubriand", husband and wife on the psychological see-saw, comes nearest to his own definition of a gem of a short story. His work is the most finished of this rather interesting collection.

Since the American characters here reflected are contemporary with the dreadful broken reeds of post-war London so lucidly portrayed by Angus Wilson in "The Wrong Set", perhaps one may be permitted a comparison in the hope that it is not too unfair. Grotesque in spirit as Mr. Wilson's people so often are, and as are many of the inhabitants of this volume, it is yet as if the Englishman says, "well, here they are, a pretty nasty lot on the whole, but we're all in it together and life has its humorous aspects as well as its ugliness". Not so these solemn young writers.

Of Richard Yates and Gina Berriault the first deals with the dreadfully commonplace, the second with the suffering of the poor, the neglected and the defeated. In "Like a Motherless Child" she gives us a wonderfully touching picture of a west coast shanty town and the sadness of age, but she never smiles.

Hilda Kirkwood

**EVERY MAN IS AN ISLAND:** Ronald Hambleton; (Hutchinson); Nelson, Foster & Scott; pp. 246; \$3.25.

Samuel Shaggit, hero of Ronald Hambleton's picaresque first novel, is a sort of middle-aged Puck, "I'm a kind of pot-bellied Ariel, I put a girdle round the earth in forty years," says Sam. He alights in Vancouver after an absence of nine years — or was it nine days? . . . Sam's internal clock did not always tell, a supertramp at the end of the line. In this segment of his history he knits the past with the future, disturbing the lives of his friends the Coopers and their small circle and disrupting the uneasy but essentially settled pattern of their ways.

Harry Cooper, Sam's good friend, is his opposite. Harry is hard-working and conscientious, but he has settled for too little. Harassed by circumstances, by a Big Daddy Boss who speaks in the most wonderful clichés, and by far from adequate living space, he suffers, says Sam, from "the malaise that affects the creature in the treadmill and I call it rigor vitae." Harry is upset by Sam's sudden re-appearance which points up unpleasantly the compromises he has had to make in his own life. By representing the point of view of the rights of the individual versus the demands of business on its slaves, Sam manages to stir up trouble for Harry's sons as well. Harry's wife, a faithful but not a stupid drudge, holds her ground against his arguments.

The setting is Vancouver, that magic city which like San Francisco blesses its good writers by casting a sea spell upon them. As in the writing of Ethel Wilson, so also here we smell the sea and hear the gulls cry, although from less elevated places. Every now and then in these stories a sort of sea mysticism invades the atmosphere and we feel that the tide has washed these characters up on our shores and will carry them away again.

*Every Man Is An Island* is a rather strange story, perhaps a little less than complete and its hero a little less than human, but it is redeemed from unimportance by several elements. One is that it is the work of a poet who

gives vitality to commonplace speech and enlivens with imagination and humor the dusty situations of every day. It pleads for the individual to free himself from his own slavish tendencies. Hambleton's flair for the bon mot and for paraphrase adds zest, "His life was a ghostly galleon, tossed upon rumpled beds, and at fifty-six all he could do was decent and delicately savour the maturing memories of his glorious harvest years."

But extracts can not give us the savor of this book, which is anything but delicate. It is earthy if not heady. Novels are not very respectable reading for intellectuals nowadays, but one should keep this one handy for that moment when the latest news analysis is just too much. Mr. Hambleton has a different light to throw on poor struggling humanity, Canadian variety, working class.

*Hilda Kirkwood.*

FROM GLASGOW'S TREASURE CHEST, by James Cowan. Craig & Wilson, 70 Bath Street, Glasgow, C2. 25 shillings.

A handsome volume, profusely illustrated, with a mine of information and interest not only to Glaswegians but to all Scots at home and abroad, James Cowan's "From Glasgow's Treasure Chest", first published in 1951, has just been re-issued. There is a familiar saying that "Glasgow made the Clyde and the Clyde made Glasgow" which indicates the practical character of its people; but that the cultural arts have had intense appreciation is equally evident from the author's record. This book is a collection of short articles, written under the pen name of "Peter Prowler", that tells what Glasgow was and is. For the young reader it provides interesting information; for the exile it recalls the Glasgow he knew and perhaps longs to revisit; for the tourist—and even for the stranger with no particular interest in the city—it is a racy and fascinating account of Glasgow's history. There are recollections of prominent men (John Buchan, Randolph Bruce, Frederick Niven, known to Canadians), notes on the famed Orpheus Choir, memories of the Clyde and its steamers in wartime, and the fascinating rediscovery of the Tontine Faces, mysterious and strange carvings that adorned the city's Town Hall when it was opened in 1740. This is a book that will be read, re-read and kept for reference. It is historical research interestingly written.

*J. B. Cowan*

#### MR. SMALLWOOD AND THE I.W.A.

(Continued from front page)

and a long season when much of the better in-shore fishing grounds are blocked by ice, there is a pronounced seasonal pattern to employment and a chronic problem of unemployment. It isn't generally recognized that a large proportion of the adult males are unemployed for long periods in the winter. (In February, 1957, for example, nearly one third of the adult males were registered as seeking employment). Woods work looms large in offsetting this serious seasonality. More than this, the forests of Newfoundland and Labrador are the only major known resources capable of further development.

Consider the entry of an international union into such a situation; the most important industry of the Province, local unions with a very successful record, no labor troubles for seventeen years, and a resource industry which provided the best hope for major new developments in a Province which badly needed new developments.

The story becomes confusing after the I.W.A. entered and began to organize the workers. To the uninitiated, it wasn't too clear just why the I.W.A. thought that the already

unionized workers needed a new union. Some people thought the entry of the new union little better than raiding and an attempt to get control of the assets of the old unions. Other people saw a conspiracy of "big labor" to gain a stranglehold on the economy. Everyone feared serious conflicts between labor unions, and between labor and management. Some saw the entry as a sincere attempt to improve the lot of the workers, feeling that the old unions had become too friendly with management. The I.W.A. was able to show some cases where existing contractual agreements were not being carried out — of illegal camp conditions, poor food and so forth. (It is interesting to note that the I.W.A. was not certified as the bargaining agent with the company under whose jurisdiction these cases were discovered. I know of no such cases discovered in connection with the A.N.D. Co. operations.) It is probably fair comment to suggest that the officers of the established unions were a bit complacent, that relations between unions and management were a bit too "cozy", that too many checks for drinks, etc., at what appeared to be union activities were being picked up by the companies, and so forth. It is also noticeable that after seventeen years of trouble-free bargaining there was a noticeable lack of security, re strike funds, etc. Many felt that conditions were degenerating.

Whatever the reasons for the entry of the I.W.A., the enlistment of the loggers was a drawn-out and tedious affair, with a substantial amount of bitterness, publicity and cost. And when the loggers were at last enlisted, the actual certification was fraught with difficulties. A number of unsuccessful applications for certification were finally followed by partial success. The I.W.A. was certified as the bargaining agent for the workers of the A.N.D. Co. By a most peculiar ruling, the union was not certified as bargaining agent for the workers of Bowater's. Because Bowater's contract out their cutting, the company was able to argue that it employed little or no woods labor. The I.W.A. was informed that it would have to become the agent for each of Bowater's contractors individually—a particularly difficult organizational task. This ruling must be considered peculiar because the *de facto* employer was Bowater's, and the legal position was not in any event clear. Under the Logging Act in Newfoundland all employers of woods labor must register with the Department of Resources. In this case, Bowater's registered, and none of the contractors. Also, the practice of the Woods Labour Board became a mockery if one of the employers was not an employer at all. This bitter certification struggle did not make it appear that labor relations would be smooth.

We now pass to the strike itself. The first contract to be negotiated by the I.W.A. went to conciliation. The conciliation board recommended wage increases which were not acceptable to the company. (My personal opinion is that the conciliation board erred on the side of generosity to the union. My impression of the operations of the company is that a wage increase was not justified at this time). The strike followed, accompanied by violence, arrests for robbery and assault, and the government moved into the picture. With true Smallwood vigor, and the unanimous support of the Assembly (including the Conservative members), the Premier announced the organization of a rival union, the decertification of the I.W.A. was accomplished by enactment, and Mr. Smallwood became a national figure.

Mr. Smallwood and the Assembly acted to halt the actions of what they considered to be an "anti-social" group. This surely is not only the right, but the duty of government. But it might be argued that the I.W.A. is not an anti-social group. To many, the actions of the union were "anti-social" and should have been prevented, but a few anti-

social actions do not make an anti-social group out of an organized union. To many, the crux of the matter is whether Mr. Smallwood did wrongly in not differentiating between a few actions and the nature of the organization. To others, any attempt to interfere with the union was an infringement of "natural rights". Personally, I have little sympathy with those who seem to hold (this might be said of Mr. Justice Rand) that natural rights are above the supremacy of Parliament. In my opinion it would be a poor government which didn't over-ride so-called "natural rights" if this was a matter of urgency and of the social interest.

Whether the dispute was a matter of sufficient urgency to call for the actions of the Newfoundland government, and whether the actions of the government were the best under the circumstances, are matters of judgment that cannot be decided without an intimate knowledge of conditions at the present time in Newfoundland. As far as the "natural rights" of unions are concerned, little need be said. Unions act in the interests of their members, or of the wider membership of the labor movement. I think it will be admitted that some things which are in the interests of some particular part of society may not be in the social interest, and in fact may be anti-social. Government would be shirking its responsibilities if it did not stop any such anti-social act, as everyone who is interested in the labor movement will be the first to suggest. It can be, and has been, argued that the whole need for unions arose because government shirked its responsibilities and failed to curb anti-social activities particularly on the part of management and the capitalist class. In any event, I do not want to attempt to settle or even argue the issues involved in Mr. Smallwood's actions. I hold that if there was sufficient urgency in the situation, it would be in order to interfere with the actions of the union. I am only concerned at this time to indicate some of the features which contribute to the urgency of the situation. These points have not been featured in the Mainland Press, and are crucial to any objective judgment of the dispute.

Unhappy labor conditions, or more correctly, a militant labor union in the forest industry in Newfoundland, will hold back any program of the Government of Newfoundland to have the forest industries expanded. A long trouble free period is a good selling point, when one is dealing with foreign investors. Newfoundland is not in too happy a situation, and the hopes to expand the forest industries are basic to the future of the Province. The recent "Phasing out" of the American base in St. John's is a crippling blow, relatively more important to Newfoundland than the Arrow decision is to Ontario. The suggested award by the McNair Commission (under term 29 of the Terms of Union with Canada) is about half of the amount requested by Newfoundland, and this has seriously affected the future hopes of the Province. Also, the recent announcement that Crown Zellerbach will not go ahead with its major newsprint and pulp project in Newfoundland because of excessive costs suggests that future developments of the Province are dark enough without adding labor troubles.

On the other hand, the action of the government is directly and explicitly against a segment of the labor movement. The fact that the union concerned is new in the area, that it made some rather rash promises in its recruiting campaign, that its case is not very strong (appearing to be designed to "live up to its election promises"), must not be allowed to cloud the major issue. Stopping anti-social actions is one thing, branding a respectable union as "anti-social" is another.

One other point needs to be made. The union is acting to

secure the goal set by the conciliation board, so that it might be said that one impartial source has suggested that the actions were not anti-social. And the operating company is not without blame in this dispute. It is usual in the pulp and paper industry to consider manufacturing and wood procurement as different activities, and a substantial wage differential in favor of mill unions exists. People doing substantially the same job (under somewhat better conditions), but members of mill unions, are paid more than their counterparts in the woods unions. This is difficult to explain to a member of the woods union (and to me). It is also difficult to see how a company can afford to give wage increases in the mill when these are not given in the woods. I foresee more woods trouble for more companies if this sort of anomaly is not cleared up. It was one of the points of contention in Newfoundland which the older unions were unable to win, and had some effect on making a stronger and more militant union appear desirable to the woods workers.

There is one ironical side to the issue in Newfoundland. The Liberal party of Canada is in something of a dilemma. The rather innocuous statement by Mr. Pearson can hardly be considered sufficient to still labor criticism in Canada of the actions of a Liberal government. Judging from resolutions passed by various groups in Canada, including Young Liberal groups, it may be necessary for the National party to attempt some disciplinary measure. But Mr. Smallwood controls a significant proportion of Mr. Pearson's support in the House of Commons, particularly the seat of one who it is suspected is very close to Mr. Pearson. It goes without saying that a certain gentleman from Bonavista-Twillingate may well be among the missing after the next Federal election if the National Liberal Party splits with Mr. Smallwood.

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